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The Week-end Review

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REVOLUTION BETRAYED?
Isaac Deutscher

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IN EAST GERMANY
R. H. S. Crossman

★

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The Wrong Kind of Hardware

THERE was always a risk that American carrier diplomacy might end by driving Syria and Egypt into open alliance with Russia. Has this now happened in Syria? News from Damascus is still scanty. Nevertheless, the sequence of events which led to the present crisis is quite clear. Since November, the Syrian economy has been moving steadily towards bankruptcy. The virtual shutdown of the Turkish, Iraqi, Jordanian and, even, more recently, the Lebanese frontiers, and the loss of French export markets and of over £3 million in oil transit dues, have produced a severe shortage of foreign exchange. The Syrian pound has dropped 30 per cent. of its value in recent months, and there is acute anxiety in the country's business centre, Aleppo. The US, which has made no secret of its dislike for the present regime, has increased these difficulties by various forms of economic warfare—manipulating the Syrian pound in the Beirut free market and undercutting Syrian exports in Italy.

Until recently, it looked as if American policy would succeed. Syrian governments are made and unmade by combinations of businessmen and army officers. Early in June, 60 Syrian deputies—right-wing independents and members of the Sha'ab Party, which represents business interests—resigned from the Assembly and there was an open breach between General Nizam Ed'deen, the Commander in Chief, and the younger nationalist officers, led by the head of the *Deuxième Bureau*, Colonel Serraj. The forces were evenly balanced, but there was no doubt which America was backing. Towards the end of June, America's puppets in Saudi Arabia and Jordan opened up a fierce radio campaign whose open intention was to push Nizam Ed'deen and the traditionalists into power. Last month, they appeared to have tipped the scales. When Khaled El-Ezem, the Defence Minister, who is linked to the Serraj group, publicly attacked King Saud, the government was forced to repudiate his words and El-Ezem was sent on 'convalescent leave' in Italy.

Now, abruptly, the position has been reversed, and the nationalists have the upper hand. The 60 rightist deputies have withdrawn their resignations. Nizam Ed'deen and his supporters have been ousted. What is the explanation of this sudden change? The answer almost certainly lies in Syria's economic difficulties. Her remarkable post-war experiments in agriculture have been financed by foreign capital, mainly from France. Since November, these sources have dried up, and Syria's main problem is their replacement. Offers of dollar aid, under the Eisenhower Doctrine, were unacceptable because of the very visible strings attached. The only other source was Russia.

For several months Moscow appears to have hesitated. Soviet exportable surpluses, particularly of the type Syria requires, are limited. In many respects the arms deal with Egypt had proved a costly failure. Why throw good money after bad? Moscow's scepticism was reflected in Damascus: those who had counted on Russia to bail out the economy began to lose face. Syrians do not forget that, after the West withdrew from the Aswan Dam scheme, Nasser appealed in vain to Moscow. Then, early this month, the Soviet leaders decided to give the Shepilov policy another try. Khaled El-Ezem was summoned from semi-exile in Italy to Moscow; and he brought back to Damascus the most generous foreign-aid deal Russia has ever made with a non-satellite country. Syria is to get $300 million in goods, services and credits (total Eisenhower Doctrine aid amounted to only $200 million, to be divided up among 12 countries), of which only one-third has to be paid back over 10 years. For the nationalists this was a major triumph. The pro-West opposition collapsed.

The West can draw two conclusions. First, that the Eisenhower Doctrine is powerless to deal with situations of this sort, where the Soviet threat takes the form not of political subversion but of economic penetration. Second, we now know that Moscow still regards the nationalist regimes of the Middle East as a good investment. The West has been warned: the next target may be Egypt. Our policy of placing Nasser in economic quarantine has failed to unseat him: Syria's experience shows that it may merely be playing into Russia's hands. In the age of 'peaceful competition', the Sixth Fleet is the wrong kind of hardware.

Comments on the Week's News

Relief in the Pentagon

It seems unlikely that the new western proposals, though ingenious, will save the disarmament talks from failure. At one time it seemed possible that an agreement would be reached on nuclear testing which would effectively impede the Pentagon's race for the 'absolute weapon'. Mounting public opinion against the hazards of nuclear fall-out had impressed even President Eisenhower. Within the last three months, however, a high priority programme to 'wash' the bomb, which was introduced by the AEC after the 1954 disaster to the Japanese fishermen, has produced results: bombs now being manufactured are 96 per cent. 'clean', and it is expected that the fall-out will be virtually eliminated in the next four years. Paradoxically, the blast and heat potency of clean bombs is somewhat greater than dirty bombs—a 20 megaton weapon, for example, would have a lethal area six miles in diameter—and the search for the washing process involved technical advances in several directions. This explains why the Pentagon is unwilling to give Russia details of the clean bomb; and it is pointed out that America retains an armoury of dirty bombs – just in case. The Pentagon's jubilation is heightened by its conviction, leaked in this month's *Fortune*, that the US is increasing its technological lead in the field of nuclear weapons. It is now virtually certain that an operational prototype of the ICBM (*Atlas*) will be ready well before 1960, hitherto regarded as the 'optimum' date; the inventory of intermediate-range missiles (*Thor*) will be completed during the period 1960-65, and a substantial inventory of ICBMs (both *Atlas* and the more advanced *Titan*) will be available by 1963. By this date, if the present technological gap is maintained (or even earlier if it is further increased), the Pentagon hopes to have established a lead as decisive as that which the US enjoyed in 1945-9. The argument runs that it will then be willing, indeed anxious, to 'freeze' the technological race by a disarmament agreement.

Travelling Salesmen

Having restored some sort of order to the French economy, members of the government are setting out on a number of journeys across the world. The Prime Minister, M. Bourgès-Maunoury, and the Minister of National Defence, M. Morice, are leaving on 26 August for Algeria and the Sahara. M. Pineau, the Foreign Secretary, is taking off for a tour of South America. M. Maurice Faure, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is off to visit countries in Asia. These comings and goings have but a single purpose – to rally world opinion behind the French case about Algeria, and thus avoid censure when the UN Assembly meets at the end of September. But what hope is there that this difficult operation can succeed? For several months the government has been trying to draft a new statute for Algeria. The ministers themselves did not know what was to be put into this statute until last Wednesday, and then they were not agreed among themselves. In an interview with the *New York Times*, M. Lacoste has given his personal view that a powerful executive must be installed in Algeria under the authority of the Resident Minister. But this plan did not suit M. Bourgès-Maunoury, or a large group in parliament which wishes above all that the three Algerian provinces should remain directly responsible to Paris. To reassure the public the government immediately announced that the differences within the government were solely on matters of detail and not on principle. This time, however, such internal disagreements are not important. Everyone knows that neither M. Bourgès-Maunoury nor M. Lacoste has the means to impose their statute on the Algerians, and that the only possible solution lies in direct negotiation with representatives of the Algerian people.

Run on Sterling

Despite the pessimistic rumours of an imminent devaluation of sterling as a sequel to the partial devaluation of the French franc, the British authorities seem to mean precisely what they say when they deny all intentions of either devaluing the pound or allowing it to fluctuate freely until the exchanges find a new equilibrium. The recent heavy pressures on sterling appear to be due, not to any disequilibrium in the current balance of payments, but to speculative withdrawals of foreign funds from London as a precautionary measure against a possible devaluation. The piling up of foreign funds in West Germany, where they are promptly sterilised by the deflationary policy of the Bonn Government, has given rise to a shortage of funds for financing international trade; and the shortage is particularly acute in London – the chief centre for non-dollar international finance. The situation is further complicated by the action of the US Congress in slashing President Eisenhower's foreign aid budget; this threatens Western Europe with a severe scarcity of dollars in the near future, and may make it difficult for the European countries to maintain full employment unless the Americans can be induced to change their minds. It does not, however, follow that the situation will be improved either by increasing the international value of the D-mark or by lowering that of sterling. At present there is a combination of a markedly deflationary movement in world finance with a continuing tendency towards inflation in the internal monetary affairs of a number of countries; and the American near-abandonment of foreign aid, except in purely military form, thus comes at a particularly awkward moment, above all for the sterling area and especially for India. The need to support the pound under these conditions seems to involve a substantial drain on the sterling area's gold and dollar reserves; but the main use of the reserves is in meeting such a claim.

Backroom Boys in Ghana

Following the deportation orders against Mr Bankole Timothy and the two Kumasi politicians there have been further disputes between the Ghana government and the press. Writs have been issued against Mr Colvin of the *Daily Telegraph*, and a local paper, the *Ashanti Pioneer*, for alleged contempt in their comments on the Kumasi proceedings; and Mr Redfern of the *Daily Express* has been summoned for police questioning in connection with editorial comment in that paper. All this indicates an attitude the more alarming because it could so easily lead to a regular pattern of suppression. The opposition declare that measures are in preparation by the government for the suppression of opponents. At the opening of parliament on Tuesday, Dr Nkrumah was booed and police baton charges were necessary to clear the precincts. But there is another aspect which must cause concern. Much prominence has been given to the name of Mr Geoffrey Bing, and it is extremely unfortunate that one of the premier's unofficial advisers should be so publicly involved. The questioning of Mr Redfern concerned articles attacking Mr Bing. He was also a principal in the Kumasi cases, leading on behalf of the Attorney-General; and it is on his initiative that the writs for contempt have been issued. The expatriates of the Ghana civil service, whose continued service is admitted to be vital at this stage, have remained at their posts from a high sense of duty, and the presence of unofficial advisers requires the exercise of great tact on both sides. The career men are bound to be perturbed by their open intervention in the administrative machine. It would be unfortunate if the unexpectedly early retirement of Mr Paterson, the Attorney-General, should start a landslide, not only in Ghana, but also in Nigeria, where so many expatriate officials are now at the point of decision.

NEXT WEEK

Kingsley Martin on Divorce

J. B. Priestley on Pinfold

The TUC and Pensions

Critics of Labour's new superannuation scheme have naturally tried to suggest that there is a serious division between the Labour Party and the TUC. This theory is based upon the rather grudging phrases in which the annual report of the General Council refers to the scheme, upon its proposal that there should be a further review of social insurance benefits in relation to the pension plan, and, specifically, upon the desire of the TUC to consider the retirement rule more carefully. Certainly, the General Council has not shown great verbal enthusiasm about the scheme, but it was in fact kept informed throughout of the way Labour policy was developing: more than one concession was made to meet its objections. And since the scheme does involve so sharp a change from the TUC's long commitment to the principle of flat-rate contributions and benefits, it is not surprising that the General Council is making a rather ponderous change of front. The idea that other benefits should be reviewed in relation to the superannuation proposals is a good one – and this is something which the Labour working parties will in any case be discussing in the coming year. Finally, the unions may have to consider their doubts about the automatic payment of pensions at a given age, irrespective of the earnings of the contributor. The present earnings rule is increasingly unpopular, and it applies anyway only to men and women in the first five years after they reach the minimum pensionable age. And if a more elaborate superannuation scheme is introduced, there are two strong arguments for paying pensions automatic-

ally: the contributors will have definite rights, and the state scheme may well be competing with private and public occupational schemes which have no retirement or earnings rules. The sensible compromise would be to have no retirement condition, and to raise the earnings limit steadily as the coverage of the scheme extends.

Orchestral Crisis

A recent pay award to orchestral musicians by the Industrial Disputes Council has flung British orchestras into financial disarray. But the crisis is fundamentally one of long standing. The margins on which our orchestras are obliged to operate are already so narrow that any additional burden, such as a pay increase, threatens to break the camel's back. The general run of orchestral musicians do not, however, give an appearance of undue affluence and few people would deny that this recent rise is justified at a time of increasing prices. Where then is the money to be found? In part it must surely come from the box office. The manner in which orchestral managers are sometimes wont to reject the suggestions of dearer seats is unrealistic, for there is no reason why orchestral concerts should expect to remain immune from rising prices. But they are clearly right when they say that there is a limit to the amount of additional money that can be raised in this way. The crux of the problem is that only an overworked and under-rehearsed orchestra can hope to pay its way. A first-rate orchestra giving interesting programmes is simply not a commercial proposition. But whereas the central and local authorities are used to dispensing large sums for roads, hospitals, schools, libraries, baths and other public services, the tradition persists in this country that the arts are a mere embellishment and therefore stand at the bottom of the queue. Other countries have a different sense of priorities and the funds that are made available for music in Italy, Germany, France and even relatively poor countries like Austria show how pitifully inadequately music is supported by public authorities in Britain.

Stadium Slavery

Clubs which are members of the Football League will soon receive proposals from their management committee for a professional footballer's 'new deal'. The proposals, it is said, will include increases in benefits after five years' service, signing-on fees and match bonuses. But there is apparently no proposal to remove the two worst features of football employment—the maximum wage, which exists in no other British industry, and the transfer system, which exists nowhere else except in slave markets. Indeed, it is said that an attempt will be made to bolster the transfer system by cutting the players in. In future when a player is transferred from one club to another he will receive 5 per cent. of the fee paid for his transfer. Such a plan is an inducement to disloyalty; for players who are prevented by the maximum wage from earning what they know they could get in a free market will be encouraged to make good their loss by moving from one club to another. True, the management committee says that it will watch every transfer and will ban from football any player who uses the transfer system merely to increase his bank balance. But in the past the committee has not been particularly successful in investigating breaches of rules, which are questions of fact. Now it is setting itself the job of investigating questions, not of fact but of intention. This is a much more difficult task and one which involves extending the power of a private court over the livelihood of a professional footballer.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

The Murder of Gerald Murphy

For half of a tiny island in the West Indies, the Dominican Republic keeps itself remarkably in the news, thanks to a unique combination of money, murder, and a good feel for public relations. Generalissimo Trujillo—Dominicans who know what's good for them call him the 'Benefactor'—has always spent generously in the United States, probably returning to this country as much as a sixth of what he takes from Washington in military aid and technical assistance. Law firms of far-reaching influence in both parties have been favoured with fat retainers by Dominican interests, Congressmen have been given elaborate junkets by Ciudad Trujillo, and American journalists and advertising firms have been hired at gaudy word rates.

Complementing this programme of persuasion is one of quiet but efficient terror. Expatriate opponents of the regime who become vocal in exile have a way of disappearing, a circumstance that recently prompted Representative Charles O. Porter, of Oregon, to observe: 'The shocking fact is that a highly paid organisation of killers is at large in our country, operating chiefly in New York City and Miami, whose job it is to assassinate or intimidate the enemies of Trujillo in the United States'. Specifically the young Congressman had in mind the now celebrated case of Professor Jesus de Galindez, an extreme critic of the regime, who walked down the steps of the subway station at Columbus Circle one afternoon in March 1956 and has not been seen since.

A Spanish Basque who took refuge in the Dominican Republic after the civil war, Galindez found little to choose between Franco and Trujillo and soon moved on to New York, where he taught at Columbia University and in his spare time worked on a book to be entitled 'The Era of Trujillo'. Apart from exposing in detail the brutal workings of a tyranny, the volume was believed to contain certain reflections on the purity of the Benefactor's blood line, a touchy point. Accordingly the professor soon began receiving threats, which he passed on to the FBI, to no good purpose as it turned out.

With the vanishing of Galindez, suspicion pointed inevitably in the direction of Ciudad Trujillo, where officials proceeded to deflect it by irrelevant slanders, in the tested manner of dictatorships everywhere. The FBI, the State Department, and the New York police worked on the case in what seemed like a desultory way until they were suddenly stirred to interest by Act II of the melodrama: The Murder of Gerald Murphy.

A young and impoverished free-lance air pilot, Murphy had told a number of friends that on the date of Galindez's disappearance he had flown a twin-engine Beechcraft from a remote little airfield on Long Island to the Dominican Republic by way of Florida. He had rented the plane himself, paying $800 in cash—he didn't say where he got the money—and had for his only passenger an 'invalid', delivered to the field in an ambulance under cover of darkness. Not long after, Murphy appeared again in Florida as a well-paid co-pilot for Compañía Dominicana de Aviación. He continued to talk indiscreetly, however, and on the morning of 4 December Dominican police reported finding his abandoned car on a cliff.

Under pressure from the American Embassy, Dominican officials soon picked up a pilot named Octavio de la Maza, and within a week that unfortunate man was reported to have hanged himself in his cell, considerately leaving behind a note explaining that he had killed Murphy in a private quarrel and was about to end it all out of remorse. An Embassy aide who examined the cell demonstrated the improbability of the suicide, and the FBI subsequently branded the note a forgery, but since the Dominicans refused to co-operate further, American officials found themselves at a dead end.

This inconclusive state of affairs might have gone on indefinitely had not the Dominicans begun to feel the pinch of unfavourable publicity. Some seven million dollars a year usually finds its way into the so-called republic by way of American tourists, a significant item in a small economy. But this year the three large luxury hotels of Ciudad Trujillo remained virtually deserted. What the Benefactor needed was a safe investigation that would clear him and restore the happy flow of cash from the North. Accordingly, Sidney S. Baron, a successful public relations man, was retained for $60,000 to promote 'a generally better understanding' and, much more sensational, $100,000 was put up for an 'independent' investigation of the Galindez-Murphy affair to be directed by Morris Ernst, one of the most celebrated liberal lawyers in the US.

No one here questions the integrity of Mr Ernst, but his judgment in taking on this 'unpopular cause' has been questioned emphatically. With the lively possibility that evidence has been systematically erased in the seventeen months since Galindez disappeared, with no power of subpœna to compel testimony and no authority to punish perjury, he will be hard put to it to demonstrate that extra measure of independence required of a judge who is on the payroll of the defendant.

ROBERT BENDINER

Warsaw

Gomulka's Challenge

A Correspondent writes: 'Beware of provocators who incite you to strike. The workers have nothing to gain from this in People's Poland.' This was the conclusion drawn by Mr Gomulka in a speech at Cracow three days after the end of the transport strike in Lodz. For the first time since he took power, Gomulka found it necessary to use strong arguments and threats against those whom he called 'provocators': 'We will have to calm the disorderly' he insisted at the end of his speech. This statement had an echo of phrases only too familiar behind the Iron Curtain. But the readers of Polish papers can understand that Gomulka had reason to be upset.

Some days before the outbreak of the strike at Lodz, a Warsaw weekly, *Przeglad Kulturalny*, published an article by Mr Osmanczyk. He said he was surprised by the reaction of the Poles after the October victory: a year ago every Pole

agreed on a single slogan – to become independent of Russia and to re-establish an independent democracy. Thanks to Gomulka and the revolution, they got satisfaction. But then, instead of setting to work with renewed energy in their almost independent country, they chose to practise a go-slow strike. Mr Osmanczyk produces some very disquieting statistics. In one factory near Warsaw, in the first six months of 1957, productivity fell by 30 per cent., and absenteeism rose by one-third. However, in the same period, average earnings in this factory increased by 34 per cent. The author adds some astonishing figures about theft in the factories, and about the increase in drinking. The consumption of vodka has risen by 24 per cent. this year. He quotes a cynical Warsaw quip: 'Perhaps the Polish road to Socialism doesn't exist, but there is no doubt about the Polish road to alcoholism.' (No wonder there is now talk of a new and crushing tax on hard liquor!)

All these points are made in many other articles, especially those appearing in the daily *Zycie Warszawy*. Reading them one really has the impression that a wave of demoralisation is sweeping the Polish working class. Perhaps there is nothing surprising about this. The Polish workers for a long time carried on their shoulders the heavy burden of Stalinist industrialisation policy, and since 9 April 1950 – the date of the law which imposed heavy penalties for violations of labour discipline – they lived to all intents under a regime of forced labour. Men who have been working twelve hours a day without the right to change their job or their place of residence are today claiming the fruits of their labours and the right to a breathing space.

But no regime can achieve miracles. In his historic speech on 19 October 1956, the day after he took power, Gomulka declared: 'To produce more, at lower prices and in better quality, is to improve the standard of life of the working class and of the whole people . . .' All the other points of his speech have been understood by the Poles, who showed their support in the course of the October days and in the general election. But the appeal for higher productivity has so far gone unanswered. It seems, after the strike at Lodz, that Gomulka is beginning to lose his patience and that he is about to launch an offensive for industrial discipline and higher productivity. Can he succeed by persuasion? This is his greatest problem, but it could lead to his greatest victory. For if he should succeed it would be overwhelming proof to other Communist countries that democratic techniques can pay larger dividends than Stalinist totalitarianism.

West Indies

The Return of Cheddi Jagan

John Hatch writes: 'What now?' is the universal question being asked in British Guiana. Having suspected the Waddington Constitution in 1953 because it was alleged that Jagan was using it to establish a one-party state, the Colonial Office has given the Guianese nearly four years for second thoughts. Now elections have been held again and Jagan has once more gained a majority in spite of the fact that his People's Progressive Party has in the meantime split into two factions. Will 1957 see repeated the crisis of 1953? Will Jagan use his renewed mandate to challenge the power of the Colonial Office again? Or have the lessons of 1953 been learnt?

The immediate future of British Guiana is certain to be lively and may well be even more stormy than in 1953, but it will be different from the last crisis. The Renison Constitution, under which this election has been fought, is not a replica of the Waddington document. It significantly limits the authority passed over to elected members. Instead of having a majority, as previously, the 14 members elected on 12 August will be matched by 11 nominees and 3 officials.

This limited form of representative government offered as a stage back towards the 1953 position has been universally condemned by all Guianese parties. The first post-electoral doubt, therefore, is whether Jagan will take office under the present constitution. Before the elections he said that he would not do so. So did Burnham, his erstwhile colleague who now leads the other section of the PPP. If Jagan and Burnham now boycott the constitution in order to demand responsibility with power, emergency conditions will again develop. The only alternative would be to select a government from the nominated members. In this case the election would have been a farce and tempers would soon rise.

The fact is that the years between 1953 and 1957 have been wasted. Large amounts of money have been spent, and many manœuvres conducted in order to prevent Jagan winning another victory. Yet the conditions of life in British Guiana which gave Jagan his appeal to the people remain unaltered. Poverty, insecurity and indebtedness still characterise the lives of the mass of the people. Cheddi Jagan and his American wife are shrewd politicians, even if they have declared themselves as open Stalinists; but they need little skill to sow seeds in this fertile ground of misery. Linden Burnham is less shrewd and less courageous. He is also handicapped in that the Negroes are not so well organised a community as the East Indians. And race has played a big part in the election. Jagan has been supported by the Indians; Burnham by the Negroes.

Whatever happens, the folly of the British government in suspending the constitution and giving Jagan martyrdom without making any attempt to change the economic foundations of the country is now fully exposed. It is particularly tragic that this folly should have been committed just at the time when West Indian federation is taking place, with the largest and potentially wealthiest West Indian nation left outside. It should now be obvious that sooner or later Jagan will have to be allowed back into power. It would have been much wiser to concentrate on writing into a constitution the legitimate rights of an opposition than to frustrate the people by allowing them to vote but withholding authority from their elected representatives. Weak government does not help the democratic cause. Nor are Jagan and Burnham so foolish as to destroy themselves by continuing to fight each other indefinitely.

The Seriousness of Lord Altrincham

One silly season story dead? Will the place in the limelight, vacated by Lords Altrincham and Londonderry, be neatly filled by a couple of well-timed murders and suicides? No doubt that is what the *Daily Express*, which was responsible for making Lord Altrincham into a sensational figure, expected. The technique of inflating a serious criticism into a stunt, while piously condemning the author for having made it and then dropping it for a triviality, is familiar enough. But Lord Altrincham, who is a moderate Conservative, was not out for sensation, and intends, if we understand him aright, to pursue his point until the serious public takes it as seriously as the Palace does already.

His criticisms of the monarchy, and particularly of the Court, were thoughtful and deliberate. A convinced monarchist himself, he had the courage to say in public much that has long been the common gossip of Fleet Street; he seeks to create 'a new conception' of the monarchy. In an article, published this week in American and Canadian newspapers, he has now elaborated his theory that, as head of the Commonwealth, the Queen should no longer be surrounded solely by British courtiers and the 'host of near mediocrities' who convey to the rest of the Commonwealth an impression that the royal family is a purely British affair, even though members of it are occasional 'tourists' in the Dominions. This is a thesis which can be logically extended to revolutionise the popular attitude to the Crown, with wide implications for the vast majority of Commonwealth citizens who are not 'white' in colour or necessarily at all interested in Britain's monarchical institutions.

As the dust clears, it will be found that Lord Altrincham's intervention has performed a useful service. It will no longer be possible for archbishops, magistrates, or Scottish peers to pretend that the monarchy has become in our generation – what it had never been since the days of Charles I – a sacrosanct institution. It is a part of the civil service, largely maintained by public funds, and properly open to normal democratic criticism. Opinion polls in the press have shown that the majority of ordinary men and women are well aware of this; they seem quite unshocked by what has been condemned by some readers as rudeness to the Queen. About this rudeness two things may be said. First, that because a halo has been laboriously constructed round the head of the monarch, any criticism sounds to many people like blasphemy. Secondly, as Lord Londonderry said in the sound, if youthful, letter we published last week, Lord Altrincham had to 'lay it on thick' in order to persuade anyone to listen. If he had been polite, his cogent criticisms would have been completely neglected.

This healthy controversy may have some effect on what Sir Stafford Cripps once made a stir by calling 'Buckingham Palace Circles'. We may see changes in the rather absurd entourage that surrounds the royal family and modifications may be made in the royal programme and the utterances which have recently been so notably unconvincing. It is at least possible that our monarchy will in time assume an aspect less unsuitable to a welfare state. Amongst the letters we select for publication this week from a large post-bag, one comes from a Scandinavian correspondent who asks why we hesitate to demand a republic. The answer is that we see no immediate advantage that a republican form of constitution has over a monarchy such as Norway's. As our correspondent himself reminds us, Norway is a largely egalitarian country, with few very rich or very poor people, no aristocracy and none of the nonsense and snobbery that adheres to our class system. Norway finds a monarchy convenient; its occupant is respected as the ceremonial head of the state, not treated as a film star or a demi-god. This seems a sensible example to follow, if we wish the monarchy to survive.

Was the Revolution Betrayed?

THE other day I received by post the latest issues of two Soviet journals *Kommunist* and *Voprosy Istorii*, together with an English paper-back edition of Leon Trotsky's *The Revolution Betrayed*. It was enough to scan the two journals for a few moments to see how much the ghost of Trotsky is once again haunting the ruling circles of the USSR. *Kommunist* attacks Shepilov for the indulgence he has shown towards 'revisionists' in literature and the arts and says that Shepilov drew inspiration from Trotsky who allegedly held that writers and artists should avoid all political 'commitment.' The other journal, *Voprosy Istorii*, makes a fresh and rather feeble effort to exorcise Trotsky from the history of the Red Army and of the civil war, which is not as easy a job as it used to be in Stalin's days.

These new attempts to lay Trotsky's ghost do not alter the fact – indeed they confirm it – that a new generation of the Soviet intelligentsia are grappling with the significance of Trotsky's struggle against Stalin and with its relevance to the problems of the post-Stalin era. The issue of Trotsky's rehabilitation lurks behind some of the current political conflicts as well. The downfall of Molotov and Kaganovich has certainly brought the rehabilitation nearer. To be sure, Krushchev, who was a very zealous Stalinist for over 25 years, does not favour it; but he is no more likely to have the last say in this matter than Molotov and Kaganovich have had it.

What is involved here is not merely history or the rendering of posthumous justice to the reputation of a great revolutionary leader. If this were all, Trotsky would not occupy as much place in Soviet discussions as he does – 17 years after his assassination and 30 after his deportation from Moscow. The intelligentsia of Moscow, Warsaw, Prague, East Berlin (*vide* Harich's 'testament'), and perhaps even of Peking, are wondering whether they can learn anything from Trotsky. Do his writings convey any message to Communists who are freeing themselves from Stalinism and trying to shape an alternative to it?

Tito, Gomulka, Mao, and Krushchev have, each in his own way, provided some of the short-term practical answers to questions raised by de-Stalinisation. But none of them has provided any serious theoretical generalisation; none has offered a broader historical perspective; and none has even tried to explain the origins and the nature of Stalinism and to facilitate thereby the proper approach to its legacy. They have all been more lucky than Trotsky was in resisting Stalinism – they have resisted it during its decline. But of all Stalin's opponents Trotsky alone has produced a systematic and comprehensive *critique*.

In *The Revolution Betrayed* he offered the final version of that *critique*. He wrote the book in Norway in 1936, just before the Great Purges; and it has since become the bible of the latter-day Trotskyist sects and chapels. However, the work also made its impression far beyond these circles. In a curious way, it has been one of the most influential books of this century. Some of its ideas, torn out of context, have become widely popularised by a host of writers who have lived on crumbs (and not the best crumbs) from Trotsky's rich table. James Burnham, for instance, has based his *Managerial Revolution* on a few fragments of Trotsky's theory. *The Revolution Betrayed* re-echoes through much of Koestler's writing. Orwell was strongly impressed by it: the fragments of *The Book*, which take up so many pages in *1984*, are a paraphrase of *The Revolution Betrayed*, just as Emanuel Goldstein, the author of *The Book* and Big Brother's enigmatic antagonist, is modelled on Trotsky. Finally, some of the intellectually ambitious propagandists of the cold war have also drawn their arguments from this source.

Despite the adventitious use made of it, *The Revolution Betrayed* remains a classic of Marxist literature. There are admittedly various layers of thought in it: not all of them are of equal value and not all have stood the test of time equally well. But this is only natural. Trotsky's fertile mind grappled here with a vast, complex, and novel problem. He threw out various, sometimes contradictory, hypotheses; and he sought to facilitate analysis by means of somewhat shaky historical analogies. He dealt with his subject matter in his various capacities: as a detached and rigorously objective sociologist and analyst; as a fighter and exiled leader of a suppressed opposition; and as a passionate pamphleteer and polemicist. The polemicist's contribution, his brilliant anti-Stalinist invective, forms the more ephemeral and exoteric part of the work; but it has, naturally, tended to overshadow Trotsky's profound, strictly analytical argument.

Nothing is easier than to compile from this book a list of errors and false prognostications. Trotsky argued gravely that the Stalinist bureaucracy strove to abolish public ownership and that its members might soon become the share-holding owners of the Soviet industry—he even saw in the 'Stalin Constitution' of 1936 'the political premises' for such a change in property relations. He forecast that in the course of the second world war the collective farms would dissolve, the Soviet monopoly of foreign trade would collapse, and western (allied) capital would penetrate into Russia. He did not see how Stalin's Russia could emerge victorious, with its social structure intact, if the war was not brought to an end by proletarian revolutions *in the West*; and he was strangely confident that such revolutions would stop the second world war much more decisively and much earlier than they stopped the first.

But there is perhaps more to be learned even from Trotsky's mistakes than one can learn from the 'correct' platitudes of most political writers. Even his erroneous hypotheses and predictions contain important elements of truth and most often follow from premisses which retain full validity. He is in this respect not unlike Marx: his thought is 'algebraically' correct even when his 'arithmetical' conclusions are wrong. He overrated the 'bourgeois' element in the Stalinist bureaucracy; but he was absolutely justified in exposing it, and this at a time when so many 'friends of the Soviet Union' were utterly blind to it. His specific forecasts about revolutionary developments in the course of the second world war have been falsified by the events, largely because he viewed the second world war too much in terms of the first; but his general insights into the mutual relationship between war and revolution were deep and still offer the clues (but not more than the clues) to an understanding of the revolutionary aftermath of the second world war.

What gives to *The Revolution Betrayed* its weight as a document of our time is the masterly critical panorama of Stalinist society during its early and middle periods which Leon Trotsky drew here. While the polemicist denounces the 'plots' of the bureaucracy and, above all, of Stalin, the sociologist sees Stalinism and its growth as a historical process determined by objective circumstances, by the isolation of the Russian revolution and the appalling poverty and backwardness of the environment in which the first 'workers' state' had set out to build Socialism:

> The justification for the existence of a Soviet state as an apparatus of compulsion lies in the fact that the present transitional structure is still full of social contradictions, which in the sphere of *consumption* – most close and sensitively felt by all – are extremely tense. . . .
>
> The basis of bureaucratic rule is the poverty of society in objects of consumption, with the resulting struggle of each against all. When there is enough goods in a store the purchasers can come whenever they want to. When there is little goods the purchasers are compelled to queue up, when the queues are very long, it is necessary to appoint a policeman to keep order. Such is the starting point of the power of the Soviet bureaucracy. It 'knows' who is to get something and who has to wait. . . . Thus out of a social necessity there has developed an organ which has far outgrown *its* socially necessary function, and become . . . the source of great danger . . . The poverty and cultural backwardness of the masses has again become incarnate in the maligant figure of the ruler with a great club in his hand . . .

Trotsky does not content himself with exposing inequality and bureaucratic domination against their peculiarly Russian background. From the experience of his time he draws a wider conclusion which may be read as a warning to Communists and Socialists everywhere: 'The tendencies of bureaucratism, which strangles the workers' movement in capitalist countries, would everywhere show themselves even after a proletarian revolution', although they are most unlikely to assume the barbarous forms they had assumed in Russia. He held that this danger was all the greater because inequality was bound to persist 'even in the most advanced countries, even in the United States' after a Socialist upheaval, for even American capitalism had not developed the nation's economic resources sufficiently to prepare the ground for an egalitarian society. This statement contradicts facile assumptions to the contrary which are widespread in Marxist literature; and it may serve as a starting point for a new Marxist analysis of the state of western capitalism and of Socialism.

An article in a weekly review cannot do justice to the wealth of ideas that are found in this book, to the burning Socialist faith that informs it, and to its imaginative force and literary *élan*. Some of Trotsky's conclusions are open to doubt. He certainly underrated to some extent the vitality that Socialist institutions and traditions retained even under the Stalinist regime and by implication also the reformist potentialities inherent in the Soviet Union. He insisted that the conflict between bureaucracy and workers cannot be resolved in a reformist manner and that it necessitated a new proletarian revolution, although he himself had most vigorously combated this view in the course of many years. Was he right in abandoning the reformist and adopting a 'revolutionary' attitude towards the Stalinist regime? Only further developments within the Soviet Union can provide the answer to this question. But history is already proving him profoundly right in this his inspired prophesy:

> . . . the actual establishment of a Socialist society can and will be achieved, not by these humiliating measures of a backward capitalism, to which the Soviet government is resorting, but by methods more worthy of a liberated humanity – and above all not under the whip of a bureaucracy. For this very whip is the most disgusting inheritance from

the old world. It will have to be broken in pieces and burned at a public bonfire before you can speak of Socialism without a blush of shame.

The whip is being broken into pieces. But how rarely do people, at any rate in the West, see it as 'the most disgusting inheritance from the old world' rather than as the 'inevitable' result of Communism or Socialism. Yet in this description of the 'whip' lies the crux of Trotsky's critique of Stalinism.

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

London Diary

BAD taste? I'm never sure what people mean by it. I don't, for instance, know why it is all right for newspapers to interview a man suspected of murder before he has been cleared and all wrong for the BBC to interview him on television after he has been cleared. A point I do understand, however—and find appalling—is the behaviour of the BBC to Mr Baverstock, the producer who included this interview in his programme. If the BBC thought that Mr Baverstock was wrong it could have censured him in private; instead, it publicly disassociated itself from the producer in a series of grovelling bulletins. No decent newspaper or other organisation that earns respect would jettison its employees in this way and I am glad to see that the BBC Staff Organisation is strongly protesting. But I shall be surprised if the protest does much good. The BBC has always been sensitive to conventional criticism. At the slightest pressure from the Establishment it quivers like a jelly. Do the party machines object to their less orthodox members getting time on the air? The BBC at once throws these members off even sporting programmes. Does parliament want to reserve to itself the discussion of topics that are due to come up in either House? Though the newspapers remain free to comment, the BBC dutifully keeps these topics off the air. One begins to wonder whether its decision to abandon its overseas broadcasts in Portuguese and Afrikaans is due not to the need for economy but to pressures from the Portuguese and South African Establishments. Perhaps it is thought that Establishment should not eat Establishment. If this is really the BBC's attitude it is likely to find itself wholly devoured by ITA.

* * *

Talking of pressure groups and the BBC, I have been reading with the greatest interest a series of issues of a cyclostyled brochure called *Annunciation*. The *Tablet* called attention to this paper on 2 June 1956. It explained that it was the organ of the Catholic Radio Guild, but that 'even non-members of the Guild' may read it, if they send 'a minimum annual subscription of one guinea (which most people we hope will want to exceed)'. I find that it gives many details of Catholic radio activities, and frequently boasts of the very large amount of time allowed to Catholic services and direct propaganda on sound and TV. 'Our religious programmes', it points out, 'are not directed principally to Catholic audiences. They are aimed at the non-Catholic and more particularly at the non-Christian'. One article goes as far as to say that the writer is convinced that 'if we are true to our evangelical doctrines, and simple and fervent in proclaiming them, we shall under God yet bring our country back to the old faith'. There is nothing surprising in this. Catholics, like Communists, believe that they have the only and final answers, and therefore, as the same writer frankly puts it, the aim of 'the Catholic priest in front of the microphone' is 'to bring as many as possible into the one fold of the Church. *And let it be noted that the BBC assumes that this is his aim. It encourages him to pursue it: it will train him to make the most of his abilities.*' (My italics.) This is indeed a remarkable claim. It made me notice with special interest references to members of the BBC staff, especially Mr Michael Barry, head of Television Drama, whose aid Father Agnellus Andrew, organiser of the Radio Guild, is said to be able to 'enlist'. This puzzled me until I made inquiries at the BBC itself, only to learn that the Catholic Radio Guild was formed in 1954 by members of the BBC staff.

* * *

I swapped recollections of Lord Jowitt with a friend who knew him at the time of his famous political switch in 1929. Elected as a Liberal, he immediately accepted the job of Attorney General in MacDonald's government. Apparently troubled by the inevitable outcry, he took my friend aside and asked him in confidence if he thought that he had behaved badly. My friend said yes and no. He hoped he wouldn't have behaved like that himself, but after all politics were politics and that was how politicians often behaved. Not everyone was equally generous. Lloyd George, for instance, made one of his most devastating parliamentary sallies at Jowitt's expense. Speaking on an unemployment insurance bill, he said, 'I see that on the back of this bill is the name of the Attorney General. This is no doubt to lend weight to the clauses dealing with those who are genuinely seeking work'. Smoking room critics revived this sally even more sourly when Jowitt followed MacDonald into the National government and, later, got back into the Labour Party and managed again to receive office in the wartime coalition. This capacity for being in office is unfortunately the thing which will be most remembered about Lord Jowitt. It obscured his very agreeable qualities, such as his taste for art and even the deep Quaker conviction which, for example, induced him to give his services free to the unofficial inquiry into the international arms industry which some of us organised in the Thirties. One quality which was never obscured was the richness of his voice. Whatever side he happened to be speaking for, it was always a pleasure to listen.

* * *

No wonder that Asians often resent being called 'backward'; people are not necessarily immature because they are technically underdeveloped. But there is one respect in which many Asian countries really are backward. It is only now that women, particularly in Islamic countries, are beginning to assert their equality as human beings. I remember the shock I felt when I first saw Pakistani women in a railway station wearing burkas, white tents covering them from head to foot, with slits through which their eyes hungrily devoured the world. A sign of the times is an Asian Women's 'seminar' held last week in Bangkok, jointly organised by the UN and the Thai government. Thirty distinguished women from fifteen Asian countries discussed their common problems. Why, for instance, have not more women emerged in public life? Are social and religious inhibitions to blame? The Nepalese delegate mentioned child marriage and the Pakistani referred to polygamy. The Indian chairman complained of the complexity of Asian cooking and another was caustic about 'the sanctified convenience of menfolk'. Education was the solution? But that, too, raised problems. The Korean delegate noted a tendency for girls to want to stay in the capital and others talked of the almost unbridgeable chasm between girls with diplomas and their illiterate sisters. The Indonesian stressed the need to give educated women the opportunity for social work and the Philippino suggested ways of breaking down the psychological barrier between town and village. Nothing like this 'seminar' has ever before occurred in Asia.

* * *

The education of princes is an ancient topic that takes us back to Machiavelli or, for that matter, to Aristotle. In our own history the sons of kings and queens have proved strikingly averse to following in their parents' footsteps. The gay Charles II was the son of the pious Charles I. That dreary family man George III was the son of that more dreary voluptuary George II. George III's sons were all disreputable. The unavailing efforts of Queen Victoria and Albert the Good to mould Edward VII make an oft-told tale. The story of a strict upbringing producing the unexpected results was repeated in the case of George V and Edward VIII. With this history in mind the present Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh must feel that the education of Prince Charles presents a difficult problem. Private tutors having so often failed in the past, I am not surprised that they should try the experiment of sending the Prince to school. The worst of it is that, school or no school, a prince has almost no chance of a normal education. As he gets older he will inevitably read the newspapers. Already I can hear little knots of his school fellows chuckling over such extracts from the press as these. This from the *News Chronicle*:

> Charles will be able to keep his weekly ration of sweets and chocolate in his own tuck box, but his parents can only send him cakes and fresh fruit. He need not worry about getting the cane—there is no corporal punishment.

But a gossip writer in the *Daily Mail* says:

> Twice a week he will be allowed into the tuck-shop—meanwhile, no scrumping. The kitchen garden with its tempting soft fruits is strictly out-of-bounds. And if he disobeys—they are not afraid of using the cane.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Latest sport for the gentry: hunting bats in stately homes with old tennis rackets. Last weekend Colonel —, country squire and retired stockbroker, went batting with six guests. They wore evening dress.—*Sunday Dispatch*. (Dr Elizabeth Huffa.)

The American Air Force based at Greenham Common, in Berkshire, has altered its flying lanes—so that the roar of jet bombers will not disturb Prince Charles, soon to be a pupil at nearby Cheam School. They did so as soon as they knew the Prince was coming, said an officer yesterday.—*The Scottish Sunday Express*. (Mrs. P. Glass.)

A firm in Cowes has been appointed official marine photographers to Prince Philip. Near by, a butcher not honoured with a Royal Appointment has put up a notice saying 'Purveyor to Her Majesty's subjects.'—*Daily Telegraph*. (P. Shafe.)

'But I am determined to prove myself worthy of the love of this fine, sweet girl, and that is why I am off on safari to the Congo to catch live apes.'—*Daily Mail*. (Loelia, Duchess of Westminster.)

The Blockade of East Germany

THERE were more than 18 million Germans living in the Russian Zone when the Communist leaders were told that they were to form the government of an East German state. Since then more than one million men, women and children have fled westwards, and the population has sunk to just over 17 million. When I visited the grim reception centre in West Berlin last week, there was still a daily average of 400 arrivals.

I start with these figures because they are the basic fact which determines the social life, the economics and the politics of the DDR. The Kremlin set Ulbricht and Grotewohl an impossible task. They are the only Communist leaders in the world who have to compete with a western government for the loyalty of their citizens. West Berlin is not merely a shop window, but a shop, where any East German can buy whatever goods he likes – provided he changes the East German marks at the black market rate of four to one. Every time he does so, of course, he is committing economic treason by admitting that a western pair of shoes, for instance, is worth four times as much as an eastern pair of shoes. And if this sense of western superiority becomes overwhelming, West Berlin provides him also with a safe and easy route of escape.

Hearing the carefully prepared stories of the newcomers in the refugee centre, I felt I was never given an adequate reason for such a desperate decision. Here, for instance, was a miner from Saxony. He had been chairman of his local Co-op and he described how pressure to join the SED made him suddenly, one night, leave home with his wife and three children. Here was a mere boy from the Spreewald, who had been accused of spying when he came on some soldiers in a wood. At first I thought they were lying, and then I realised they were describing a delayed reaction to claustrophobia. In the DDR you feel as though you were trapped; gradually, with the lure of the wide open life of West Germany always there, the heat of exasperation mounts until suddenly some minor incident brings it to the boil in an explosion of steamy anger.

To my surprise, the man who explained this to me most frankly and fully was one of the oldest and toughest Communists at the head of the party machine. 'It is true', he said, 'that our losses are terrible. We give splendid scholarships to enable the poorest student to qualify as a doctor. Before he has taken his final exam. he has been bribed by the combination of a good job and cash down to flit as soon as he has passed his exam. We have to pay the nuclear scientists at our new research institute at Dresden far more than we should like. But if we don't, they will be bought up. And it is not only the academics who are going. The loss is just as serious among skilled workers, on whose training we are spending so much. Why do they go over to capitalism? Why?' Since I was sensible enough to remain silent, he answered his own question. 'In Hamburg some time ago I met two of our fellows – teachers from the Technische Hochschule – and asked them what they were doing. They told me they had fled to become agricultural workers. I said they were mad, and then one of them explained that, whereas in West Germany you are a private person when you have earned your wage, in a Communist country work does not stop when working hours are over'.

'Yes', I replied, 'when Aristotle said that man is a political animal he was telling a terrible lie. We base our British constitution on the elemental human right to be non-political and irresponsible and yet to have the right to kick out the responsible politicians'. 'That is just the difference', he said. 'As Communists, we want to make all our citizens politically responsible, and the tragedy is that, when we've trained them to a Communist sense of responsibility, so many run away and become private citizens in the West'.

But, although the ceaseless Communist 'do good' propaganda and the atmosphere of conformism are both very oppressive, the main reasons for the flight to the West are, I am sure, economic. It is misleading to call the DDR 'East Germany'. In reality it is the slice that is left in the middle of Germany when the rich industrial Ruhr on the west and the rich industrial Silesia on the east have both been lopped off. Most of its agricultural land is very poor. Though it has some brown coal, it possesses virtually no hard coal or iron ore and was therefore without any heavy industry until 1945. No slice of Germany could have been more unsuitable either for an experiment in Communist self-sufficiency or as an area from which the under-developed countries of eastern Europe could be provided with heavy industrial equipment.

However, by fantastically costly efforts, some heavy industry has been built up. I spent a day at Stalinstadt, the new steel town on the Oder, with its brand new coke ovens and strip-mill and its Stalinesque blocks of flats for 50,000 workers. The coal and coke used to come from Poland – before Gomulka. The iron ore still comes from Krivoyrog in the Ukraine, and I was told that it takes a wagon-load of coal to bring a wagon-load of iron ore that distance. Stalinstadt is a monument to the economic insanity of the partition of Germany. If ever the country were reunified and steel could come from the Ruhr, it would have to stop production. Yet without it the DDR would have no steel – and, therefore, no industrial basis of survival.

This industrial poverty would not be so bad were it not for the comparison with West Germany. Whereas the Russians feel themselves generous when they are not actually stripping the DDR, the Americans would feel guilty unless they were providing *their* Germans with constant injections of private dollar investment and Marshall Aid. And this contrast between the natural wealth of western Germany, stimulated by lavish American assistance, and the natural poverty of East Germany, aggravated by Russian rapacity, has been accentuated by cold war. The main aim of the DDR has always been to destroy the popular support for the Bundesrepublik. But very soon after it was founded in 1949, the Communists were driven on to the defensive. By refusing to recognise the Ulbricht regime or do any kind of official business with it, Dr. Adenauer has given a free hand to his cold warriors. East Germany is subjected to economic blockade from the West; it is decided in Bonn and West Berlin what shall pass to and fro on the black market. Even the rate of 4 East marks to 1 West mark is a political rate (in my experience a genuine rate would be something less than two to one), and this crushing superiority of the western currency is maintained by lavish subsidies to West Berlin. It is an instrument of political warfare, which aggravates East Germany's inferiority complex.

This inferiority complex, in fact, is the one characteristic common to all the inhabitants of the DDR. The Communist élite suffers from it as well as the general public, which is acquiescent or actively hostile. It displays itself in the psychosis which automatically assumes anything western is superior in quality. 'Get me a refill for my ballpoint in West Berlin,' said one German to another in Dresden; and when he was reminded that such pens are manufactured in the East Zone, and anyway a western refill costs four times as much, he replied solemnly, 'Ah, but the quality is sure to be better'.

In the case of the Communist élite, the inferiority complex expresses itself in truly German outpourings of heroic self-pity. How often did I have to hear the DDR described as poor but honest; as a proud little country which pays its debts and accepts no bribes; as a Socialist Fatherland, unfairly attacked by the wicked forces of monopoly capitalism; as a gallant cultural minority, brutally assaulted by the big battalions of western materialism. This, from those who blockaded West Berlin a few years ago.

Now the tables are turned, and every form of psychological warfare and subversion is employed by the West Berliners in order to inflame the East German sense of inferiority. At least a dozen American and West German secret service organisations operate throughout the DDR, spreading their network of agents, spies, economic saboteurs and mere rumour-mongers. Day in, day out, the merciless West German propaganda pricks into the surface of East German life, while its very basis is being undermined by economic blockade. No wonder there are 400 new arrivals every day at the refugee reception centre. No wonder that, even in West Berlin, there are anxious voices asking how long this cold war can go on without causing another explosion in the DDR. This time a rising might be the start of World War III.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

(To be concluded)

Fleet Street Notebook

LIKE others with less on their minds, the chairman of the *Daily Herald*, along with several of the other directors, is away on holiday. So are the trustees of the *News Chronicle*. After meeting practically all the time, they have now adjourned their labours until October. October looks like being an exciting month. The *Daily Herald* will then, it is claimed, be ready to show the world what escape from the TUC *and* the worst of the Inland Revenue can do for journalistic enterprise. Big developments are coming, I am assured.

In October also, it is hoped that the *News Chronicle* trustees will be in a position to decide that the resources behind the paper are sufficient to assure its independent survival for a further trial of strength with the elements and public taste of at least a year. It is suggested that the paper will then put up its price to 3d, remodel itself nearer to the news format and formula of the *Daily Telegraph* – liberal version – and see whether an economic balance on such a basis can be made possible even if circulation falls. I cannot help thinking it would have been better if the *News Chronicle* had made the change ten years ago. It would then have given itself more chance, and longer time, to see whether what has brought such rich rewards when applied to a Conservative audience could have similar results with a politically more progressive one.

The *Telegraph* had the courage 20 years ago

to put to the test its belief in a public who found *The Times* was too solid and exhaustive, and the popular press too lightweight and sketchy. It has now got such a lead that it is questionable whether any other tree of the same kind can grow in its shadow. It has built up an advertising revenue that enables it to get along on a mere million-plus circulation without any price differential between itself and the four million-plus populars – and offer very much better value for the 2d. If the *News Chronicle* were to have to charge more for itself than the *Telegraph* it would not, even with more pages that it now has, look very good value to many of those it would most need to attract or hold. However, this may not happen. It may be that all the 2d national newspapers will put up their price in October – a rise to 2½d has been widely canvassed. And if 2½d, several people in and around the NPA are asking, why not 3d, which is more handy and sensible?

Current circulation trends bring no great comfort, I am afraid, to either the *Herald* or the *News Chronicle*. They underline the need for quick action. Over the last year the *News Chronicle* has lost more than 47,000 paying readers, 39,000 in the last six months. I confess I find this inexplicable by any test of journalistic merit. My trade compels me to read all the newspapers. The *News Chronicle* is the one I turn to first for private enjoyment. Yet at 1,324,000 its circulation is now about 200,000 lower than it was even ten years ago, despite the acquisition of the goodwill and title of the *Daily Dispatch* in the interval, and only some 80,000 above what it was twenty years ago. This seems to me a sad commentary on the judgment of the middle reading public. I find it hard to understand why its progress over the last two decades should have been so contrary to most other newspaper experience.

The only other national daily to fall in circulation during the last six months is the *Daily Herald*. Its circulation has fallen at approximately the same speed as the *News Chronicle* over the past six months. On a longer view its position is even more astonishing than that of the *News Chronicle's* – although more explicable journalistically speaking. It has actually succeeded in losing no fewer than 600,000 paying readers over the last ten years – a feat which suggests a kind of perverse genius when one considers the immense expansion in newspaper readership during that period.

All the other papers have gone up, the *Express* by nearly 85,000, the *Mail* by just on 67,000, the *Telegraph* by 43,000, the *Sketch* by 181,000. The *Mirror*, with so many readers lined up already, has found the task of increasing them a good deal more difficult than others. It put on a mere 9,000-odd during the year. That may be why it is now planning a big new circulation drive in the North and Scotland.

From these figures it is plain that the temporary dip in newspaper readership which followed the last rises in price was merely a pause, not a permanent reversal of long-term trends. The British habit of newspaper reading, so much wider spread than in any other country in the world, continues to claim new victims every day. Neither the cost of living nor commercial television can check it. It is increasingly odd that it should so ostentatiously turn its back on both the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle* – papers which really have little in common. Nor can the circulation trend be taken as evidence of a public passion for the trivial. On the contrary, apart from the problem children of Long Acre and Bouverie Street, every kind of national daily from the most flippant to the most serious advances in public favour.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Bridge

WE crept out of Terespol in bottom gear. As we negotiated ridges and pot-holes, the Polish frontier post loomed through the rain – and beyond it, the bridge. At the bridge's far end lay Russia, represented at present by a teen-age soldier with a field telephone. He stood under a gigantic wooden mushroom. It was like those made to encourage the goblin folk in suburban gardens, but it was ten feet high.

It was my co-driver who pointed out that there was not one bridge but two. The first was clearly the one which the Poles recognised as the true bridge. The other one, an antique log construction some 50 yards downstream, they had sensibly closed off. The Russians, however, still waited at their end of the old wooden bridge, which they had decorated with newly painted barrier gates and a red star. The function of the field telephone was to reconcile the theoretical with the actual point of entry. By it the sentry summoned a pilgrimage of officials from the blockhouse guarding the wooden bridge. For an hour they wrestled with our inadequate documents, our unsatisfactory explanations and our almost total incomprehension of Russian.

We undertook not to sell our decrepit car in Russia (a promise which was later strained by a Moscow film director who wanted it for shooting a London street scene). We signed a declaration that we were not gun-runners. But there was still confusion and excitement over our status – or lack of it. Beyond visas we had nothing: no Intourist documents; no commercial papers; no connection with the Moscow Youth Festival, apart from the complicating circumstance that my wife was currently attending it. In eventual despair, an official telephoned to Brest for an Intourist official. Decanted from a car into rain which had now reached tropical ferocity, he dived for the wooden mushroom. The arrival of this young man seemed to galvanise the half-dozen Russians already sandwiched there to a new climax of arguing, pointing and waving.

As the shouting mounted, and the new arrival's furious sulleness seemed to deepen, I could stand it no longer. Running out to the mushroom I began to distribute macintoshes.

'It is rainy,' said the Intourist man. 'We must talk.'

Wedged into the back seat with his feet on two 5-gallon cans, he began to probe our credentials with alarming bluntness. Failing at first attempt, he suggested that we drive to the Brest railway station for further talk. 'You were not expected here', he said.

'Look', I said, in the Intourist waiting room at Brest. 'We have no Youth Festival documents because we are not youths. We have no Intourist documents because we are not tourists. For a thousand miles we have slept in a tent and cooked our own food, without hotels, interpreters or guides. We are tramps.'

'Tramps?' For a moment a flicker passed over the most solemn young face I have ever seen. 'I see. . . .' Full solemnity returned. Was this something beyond even his powers to organise? A small-arms fire of brisk questions followed. Then, 'I think I can arrange. . . .' That ended bridge episode number 1: within half an hour we had petrol coupons, currency at the tourist rate, a loaf of bread and a road map. 'Good luck, tramps', he said, as we left for a lorry station where we could get a puncture mended.

We saw the Intourist man briefly as we neared the bridge eleven days later. 'No, it has never been done before; you are the only ones. No, one cannot buy caviare in Brest. I think it is impossible. I recommend the Hotel Brest for lunch. Quite cheap. Goodbye.' Not cheap enough, though. After 2-rouble lunches in a workers' cafe, we again halted on the bridge. But now there were three of us, for my wife had decided to join us for the return trip from Moscow. Without her we would never have got through, for my co-driver and I had unwittingly allowed our visas to expire. This was the first thing that the frontier men spotted. But their subsequent agonies on discovering that there was a third person in the car, with a visa which did not sanction car travel, mercifully blotted out all later recollection of this fatal detail. While Moscow was being telephoned from the distant guard-house, the customs man sat on the ground and motioned us as though to say 'We'll all be here long enough. Let's relax'. It was a golden afternoon. The young soldier peered dreamily from his mushroom at the sky. My co-driver stared over the rail at the water, wondering about fish. My wife and I conversed in primitive Russian with the customs man. 'Fishing forbidden, frontier zone,' he told us. 'Soldier caught big one yesterday', he added confidingly.

We told him that we were all scientists. 'Why do you have such a terrible car?' he asked. 'Cheap,' we said. 'But in our country scientists are well paid', he said.

'Your frontier post is at the end of the wrong bridge', I retorted.

He seemed upset: 'Old bridge. Old bridge', he repeated.

'Good bridge', my wife said.

He brightened: 'Oxford, Cambridge, fine universities.'

My co-driver joined in, and hastened to exploit the exchange of good will by exhibiting the Primus stove which we had bought in Moscow. The jet needed unclogging, but we had no wire. The customs man returned from the guard-house with fuse-wire and the news that Moscow was still being telephoned. It was time to eat. In the middle of the bridge we began to fry, on the now rehabilitated Primus, a great conglomerate of bread and bacon. This amazed and delighted the soldier and the customs man, who was now joined by another official who had made the journey from the guard-house. He brought bad news. Moscow had said that my wife was on no account to proceed by car. Everyone fell into deep dejection, for by now Russian officials and English tramps were blood-brothers in the struggle for unclogged Primuses, and for the rights of wives to travel with their husbands.

All at once inspiration came. The two officials spoke faster and faster together. Then the master plan was announced. My wife, it was admitted, could not leave by car. She should perhaps not even have arrived by car. No doubt she should have been stopped at the 50 mile perimeter round Moscow. But now that she had arrived at Brest, it seemed to them that she was perfectly entitled to leave the USSR by train. This could easily be arranged. If we finished our fried bread and bacon immediately, there was time to drive her to Brest station to catch the 8.30 to Terespol, 2 miles into Poland. My co-driver and I could then return to the bridge and go on to Terespol to meet her.

Back on the bridge we were detained only long enough for the customs man to look under the seat and in the boot. 'No one hidden there!' he explained, and laughed uproariously. Everyone was laughing, even the soldiers of a Red Army convoy which was at that moment rumbling past in the opposite direction. But they could not possibly have known what was the joke.

DONALD MICHIE

Golden Lad

SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS believes firmly in the principle that a barrister cannot allow his politics to influence his choice of briefs. There is something prophetic about the first case in which he attracted notice – the inquiry into the Gresford Colliery disaster in 1936. Shawcross represented the owners and another Socialist lawyer, Stafford Cripps, appeared for the miners, without fee. The pattern has persisted. He defends the Dockers and prosecutes the dockers; he is briefed for the Rhodesian mining magnates, not for the underpaid mineworkers. And the injured workman claiming compensation, the small man fighting an injustice, seldom have the advantage of his services. Shawcross answers criticism by the analogy of the cab on the rank, available for hire to the first-comer whoever he may be. Unfortunately, perhaps, for his standing in the Labour movement, whenever his cab moved to the front of the rank some top-hatted passenger always happened to jump in. Such men are glad to hire him and to fork out the stiff fare that clocks up by the end of the ride. For Shawcross usually wins his case. Trollope's remark about Mr Furnival, the barrister in *Orley Farm*, could well apply to him. 'Any cause was sound to him when once he had been feed for its support, and he carried in his countenance his assurance of this soundness – and the assurance of unsoundness in the cause of his opponent.'

When he decided to retire finally from practice at the age of 55 it came as a shock to the Bar. This was more than retirement, it was abdication, for Shawcross, still in mid-career, was the undisputed head of his profession. In a dozen years since the war he had carried off all the prizes – Attorney-General from 1945 to 1951, Chairman of the Bar Council for the last four years, and the highest-paid silk in the land with an income approaching £50,000 a year. Only two possible crowns to such a career seemed to remain – Lord Chief Justice or the Woolsack. One or other would surely have been his for the asking within a year or two. With quiet deliberation he appears to have put himself out of the running for both. In accepting a directorship in the Ford Motor Company and joining Shell, Shawcross has resolved the 'pull devil, pull baker' of law and politics. He has rejected both in favour of industry.

Hartley Shawcross was born in Germany, where his father was a Professor of English. His mother, who was part Danish, was an ardent Socialist and became one of the earliest suffragettes. When Hartley was two months old the family returned to England and settled in Wandsworth. As a day-boy at Dulwich College he preached Socialism in the debating society and spoke on street-corners in the 1918 General Election: he had joined the Labour Party at the age of 16. From Dulwich he went to Geneva University, intending to become a doctor. It was J. H. Thomas, whom he met at a conference of the Second International, who persuaded him to study law instead, as a more useful stepping-stone to politics. For politics had become Shawcross's absorbing interest. He came first in a field of 220 in his Bar Finals, but found the early going hard. After earning less than £100 in all in his first four years at the Bar he was glad to accept a lectureship in law at Liverpool University. For a time he shared chambers with another promising barrister who was to precede him as Attorney-General, David Maxwell Fyfe.

Forgetting about politics, Shawcross built up a good circuit practice in Liverpool and took silk early in 1939. A spinal injury sustained in a climbing accident caused his rejection for military service, and Herbert Morrison appointed him Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence in the North-West. At the end of the war he needed little persuasion from Morrison to enter politics, and was elected for the safe Labour seat of St Helens. When Attlee appointed him Attorney-General he was almost unknown outside the Northern Circuit.

The job of Attorney-General has its pitfalls, as recent occupants have discovered, but Shawcross avoided them with expert assurance. As a minister he was a success from the start and soon established himself as a leading personality. He is a strong humanitarian and had opposed flogging and the death penalty when only the few cared about such things. When the government reversed the decision to abolish capital punishment, he wanted to resign, and was dissuaded with some difficulty. The Crown prosecutions, among them the Nazi war criminals, William Joyce, Nunn May, Haigh, Fuchs, gave him opportunities for a dazzling display of forensic virtuosity. But it was the Lynskey Tribunal more than any other case that made the name of Hartley Shawcross famous in the land. Many an Attorney-General might have shown a fatal hesitation in probing the actions of political colleagues and personal friends, but in carrying out his distasteful duty Shawcross was able to forget such loyalties. At the preliminary hearing he declared his intention to seek the truth 'ruthlessly and relentlessly'. The Labour government had reason to be grateful that he was as good as his word.

Many Attorney-Generals stand aloof from the rough-and-tumble of party politics. Shawcross gloried in it – at least for a year or two. Here he found the going less smooth. Post-war political meetings were exciting affairs, and indiscretions came tumbling from his platforms. He was forced to make public apologies to the *News of the World*, the Court of Chancery and even, under threat of a writ for libel, to Lord Kemsley. There was the unfortunate outburst in the Commons, 'We are the masters now'. The storm that broke about his head earned him for a time the true affection of the Labour movement. But he had learned his lesson. Within a year or two he was saying, apologetically, 'I used to be on the extreme left of my party'.

When the Tories came into office, the man who had been Attorney-General for six years, a cabinet minister for six months, whose claims to the Foreign Office and even leadership of his party had been seriously canvassed, was expected to take his place on the Opposition Front Bench. Shawcross chose to resume Bar practice, for reasons which could hardly attract the sympathy of his Labour colleagues. 'As my political expenses considerably exceed my parliamentary salary', he said in one particularly ill-judged speech, 'I am compelled to earn a living outside politics'. His resultant division record is cited in surly self-defence by less distinguished absentee MPs, and outside the division lobby he is hardly seen at all in Westminster. Admittedly he offered to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, but he was persuaded to stay by leaders who placed the value of his legal advice above the embarrassment of the party whips. A similar view seems to have been taken by his constituency party in St Helens. Recent rumours that Shawcross would leave the Labour Party have been followed by declarations of confidence and esteem on the part of his local supporters. People can imagine Shawcross outside the House – but no one can see him at home in any other party than the one in which he has spent his life.

On the strength of his distinguished service to the Labour government the position might have been accepted, but for those week-end speeches. 'One of the things I intend to continue enjoying in life,' he said recently, 'is to say what I think whether others enjoy it or not. The criticism of the Labour programme, the assaults upon the left, the pleas for reduced taxation, the call for a bipartisan foreign policy and the strange silence throughout the Suez crisis have not been universally enjoyed by his Socialist comrades.

The handsome features, the well-modulated voice, the expressive hands, the personal magnetism, all would have ensured Shawcross a successful career on the stage. There is more than

a touch of the theatre about his public performances. All the tricks an actor would employ in portraying a leading silk are there, but they are no longer tricks. There is nothing meretricious in the suave, even nonchalant manner, the well-timed pounce in cross-examination, the weighty air of infallibility. The attitudes have become the man. The quality which has, above all, carried him to the head of his profession was described by a fellow-barrister as 'masterly articulateness'. It is something more than fluency, more than the instinct for the precise word and the eloquent phrase. He has a prodigious appetite for work and the mental, though not always the physical, stamina to sustain it. Stress and overwork have exacted their price in recurrent duodenal trouble and minor ailments. His health has long been a source of concern.

Shawcross has allowed himself little time for leisure. He is happiest in his Sussex home surrounded by his family—he has an attractive wife and three children—or sailing in his beautiful yacht *Vanity V*. In other surroundings he is seldom at ease, and he has few close friends. Behind the facade of easy charm there is a defensive shield that discourages intimacy. Though he moves in what is known as smart society it is doubtful if he enjoys it. To some he appears vain and arrogant, to others reserved and oddly unsure of himself. For one who claims the right to say exactly what he thinks he is unduly sensitive to criticism, as was shown in the recent row over telephone-tapping. He is able to live in a style to which few professional men can aspire today. The country estate, the period mansion with its banqueting hall and minstrel's gallery, the expensive cars, the elegant yacht, are constant reassurances of success.

At 55 Sir Hartley's future must be a matter for speculation. The two jobs in industry are unlikely to satisfy either his ambition or his hunger for work. Does he still cherish a hope that the next Labour government will find his talents indispensable? Having shown so clearly that he is no longer in touch with the trend of his party's political thinking nor in sympathy with its objectives, it is difficult to see how he could be appointed to office without arousing resentment in the Labour ranks. A pity, for he might have been an outstanding Lord Chancellor.

The Arts and Entertainment

Shakespeare's Oratorio

OF all the plays in the canon, *The Tempest* is the last for which a producer should be condemned for bringing out of the bag all the resources of his stagecraft. It was designed, surely, for a theatre which was just discovering the devices and machines of the stage engineer, and revelling in them. All that we now, only half-lapsed puritans, require of him is discretion. Mr Peter Brook is as an artist just at that stage in his development when he can supply both the tact and the magic. He has not forgotten those tricks which he sometimes used too exuberantly, as the young are inclined to; but he has acquired a reverence, too, he can even, as we know, be positively austere. His *Tempest* at Stratford is a most imaginative conception, beautifully carried out. Mr Brook provides satisfying solutions for all the problems of staging which the play presents, and they are all the more satisfying for being extremely simple. There is nothing tricky or exhibitionist about his production, but there is no mistaking that we are on an enchanted island with a magician working his wonders, and the wonders work. Particularly admirable to my sense is the full use he makes of the Stratford stage, both its width and its depth. Long, wide vistas open and close between the towering rocks: at one moment it is luxuriant with growth, at the next bare sea-swept caves, or we are on the ship with which by a happy touch the play closes as it has opened. The transformations are instant and the pictures charm. Following his current practice Mr Brook is his own composer and designer, and is equally successful in all departments except the clothes (Miranda, for instance, puts us all too much in mind of an English desert island film).

The eye is beautifully satisfied and the imagination is set working, but not at all at the expense of the actors, who are left free to do their work for themselves. Mr Brook sets a slow and grave pace. Some may find it a little too slow, and perhaps it will bear quickening. But not very much. *The Tempest* has been called more of a poem than a drama. Another way of putting this is to say that if there is some analogy between the tragedies and opera, we should think of *The Tempest* as an oratorio. It has that kind of undramatic movement without conflict or character-drawing. *The Tempest* is, as this production reminds us, a dark and dense work. Brooding over it there is some mystery (never wholly made plain) which leads us up to the sacramental mood where forgiveness and reconciliation and renunciation are the holy elements. The test of a successful production – which this one for me triumphantly passed – is that we are intensely stirred and moved when Prospero performs that act of forgiving his enemies. Certainly we have to arrive there at a jump, for it is, I suppose, a flaw in construction that no action engineers his change of heart. We do not even see his enemies in the repentant mood, we have only Ariel's report of its having happened, and it is not even a very highly charged passage that conveys it. Under Mr Brook's guidance the moment is made the most of:

Ariel: . . . Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affection
Would become tender.

Prospero: Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ariel: Mine would, sir, were I human.

Prospero: And mine shall.
Hast thou which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself
One of their kind, . . . etc.

If, all the same, we feel this change of heart more intensely than is common on this occasion, it is because of Sir John Gielgud's Prospero. It is not just that his Prospero is not for once hidden behind an old man's wrinkles and nodding beard, but stands up tormented, grizzled and human. But here Sir John draws a deep line of emphasis under the dark side. His Prospero is under the threat of being engulfed by his sense of being wronged. He has to fight against the temptation to give way to it. His very magic is a part of that temptation, leading him into fearful territory. He is perhaps as frightened of his powers as he is proud of them. To renounce them, then, to return to the merely human state is, when it comes, a relief, as we might find it if we were playing with some dangerous power which we decided of our own free will to renounce. So the act of reconciliation is also an act of renunciation and the force of the scene in which it is done is doubled. But we feel these subtleties by implication rather than directly. Oratorio is not a form that calls for histrionics and Sir John is too great an artist to indulge in them for the delight of the vulgar. The voice here is everything, and with what absolute lucidity, clarity, intricate modulated variation and unforced beauty Sir John delivers the part!

I have never, either, seen the comics better done. In contrast with the intenser than usual gravity of the one side of the play, Mr Brook draws a broader than usual comedy from the clowns. It is the old music hall technique, it is Laurel-and-Hardy-like, and it is, I suggest, just how Shakespeare's clown should be played. The company this year is a strong one. Robert Harris, Mark Dignam and Cyril Luckam ensure that the shipwrecked court holds its place. Mr Brian Bedford has the lyricism for Ariel, and Mr Alec Clunes is an excellent Caliban.

T. C. WORSLEY

Edinburgh Festival—I

EDINBURGH has always called itself an International Festival, and seldom with greater justice than in this, its eleventh, year. Famous orchestras from Amsterdam and Munich; ballet from Sweden and Africa; the Hollywood and Parrenin String Quartets; any number of celebrated soloists and conductors; to crown all, Callas and Di Stefano at the head of an Italian company from La Scala, 'Piccola' in name rather than in fact: all these and more form a concentration of talent which any impresario might feel proud to present.

Yet a festival needs also a local flavour of its own; and of this, at any rate on the musical side, there is little trace. Modern British music is so poorly represented this year that, probably for the first time, there has appeared a musical 'fringe event' deliberately designed to repair the shameful omission: namely, three late Sunday night concerts by the Eric Roberts String Orchestra at the Adam Rooms in George Street. A festival which offers three fairly considerable compositions by Hindemith might have managed to squeeze in some recent specimens of the output of our own composers.

Our past, immediate and distant, was not so severely neglected as the present. Indeed, in honour of the Elgar centenary, the festival opened with an all-Elgar programme given by the Hallé Orchestra (also celebrating its centenary) under Sir John Barbirolli. The crowded Usher Hall audience was repaid by performances of *Cockaigne* and the First Symphony which had all the expected warmth and rather more emotional restraint than Sir John has sometimes displayed in this music which he loves so well. Great interest was aroused by Janos Starker's playing of the Cello Concerto, a work whose gentle contours have been known to baffle the most eminent of foreign interpreters. The gifted Hungarian showed himself marvellously at ease in this nostalgic and intensely English score; he caught the notoriously difficult (because 'easy') lilt of the 9/8 theme in the first movement, and his piercingly beautiful cantilena perfectly expressed, without wallowing in, the emotion of the slow movement. In the finale, which contains such un-

the things they say!

That's a grand idea! Did one of the chaps on your Design staff think it up?

No, as a matter of fact it came from one of our fitters.

That's unusual, isn't it? Surely most bright ideas that come to the workers in our big industries just die for want of encouragement?

Well, not here in I.C.I., at any rate. We have a scheme to discover and reward the man who's got a useful and practical idea.

You mean you actually pay them?

Certainly. The minimum reward for each suggestion we adopt is thirty shillings, and there's no limit. The record so far is an award of £1000 for a method of clearing deposits out of long lengths of pipeline.

What other suggestions do you get?

Anything from a jig for drilling flanges to an idea for safer working.

Yes, but in actual figures how many suggestions do you really get?

In 1956 the scheme brought in nearly 34,000 suggestions, of which about 40% received awards. That shows you the interest our men take in their work.

ICI

English directions as '*feroce*' and '*con passione*', he might even have been a little less restrained; but this was a noble and intelligent performance, admirably supported by the orchestra. At the Freemasons Hall two highly attractive programmes were devoted to mainly anonymous Scottish compositions of the period 1500-1700, among which some part-songs and solo songs sung by the Saltire Singers made a particularly captivating impression.

The operatic wing opened with Maria Callas in Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, an always melodious and often exquisite old piece which made its effect, though it did not sound so meltingly lyrical as one might have hoped. The sylphlike figure, graceful gestures and dreamy poses of Mme Callas emphasised the heroine's kinship with Giselle; and her phrasing, not only of celebrated arias but of the barest line of recitative, had just the poise and tenderness and distinction we associate with the greatest interpreters of romantic ballet. In the first act she sang quite beautifully; in Act 2 she was more uncertain. Much of our disappointment was in no way her fault; in the forest scene she was given a walking dress far too fashionable for a simple village girl; the lighting was always erratic, and at one moment ill-conceived by the producer (Luchino Visconti); the orchestra (under Antonino Votto) was deplorably rough; and so on. All this would have mattered less had not a thread of cracked tone begun to invade Mme Callas's softer notes above the stave; this fault marred the purity of her 'Ah, non credea', and as though to hide it she began to sing recklessly in 'Ah, non giunge'. I can well believe that, first-night anxieties once past, her later performances will be quite another thing. Nicola Monti made a smooth-voiced and graceful tenor *inamorato;* Nicola Zaccaria, a rich basso, was the mildly rakish Count into whose palatial village bedroom the poor heroine so unfortunately glides. Piero Tosi's exterior scenes – as much as one could see of them – looked pretty; and the production, except for the lighting of the final scene, was discreet and sensible, though doubtless a good deal less striking than in its original home. For this *Sonnambula* comes to us, not from the Piccola Scala, but from the huge Scala itself.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Two New Operas

Two new operas appeared last week: in Munich, Hindemith's vast biographical treatise, *Die Harmonie der Welt*, and in Salzburg, Rolf Liebermann's opera buffa, *Die Schule der Frauen*, an expansion of a one-act piece first done in America two years ago.

In his greatly ambitious opera, Hindemith has examined many, perhaps too many, of the dilemmas that confront a man of integrity in the fields of politics, religion, art, science and emotion. The central figure is Johannes Kepler, the 17th-century astronomer; the background is the Thirty Years War, and Wallenstein's grandiose plan to create, after war and suffering, an eventually United Europe under the German throne. The historical facts of Kepler's life provide Hindemith's careful scheme. In Act 1 we find him engaged in the search for the harmonious laws that govern planetary motion, and ready to sacrifice personal relationships to science. In Act 2 he discovers emotional harmony in the love of his young bride Susanna. In Act 3, outside events shatter this limited 'domestic' harmony, and in Act 4 Kepler accepts Wallenstein's invitation to forsake pure science and assist him in forcing political harmony on Europe (the modern parallel needs no pressing). After Wallenstein's fall, Kepler dies disappointed, but finally in a glorious apotheosis the former characters, now transfigured as planets, join in creating that Universal Harmony which good men aspire to.

The political strife is but a shadowy background to personal dialogues and arguments played out in sharp forward focus: principally between Kepler, the brilliant Wallenstein who is honest enough to realise that self-ambition fires his plans, the Enobarbus-like Tansur, a cynical uncommitted observer, and Ulrich, an impetuous 'social misfit'. Two types of female nature are represented by the gentle Susanna, whose life can find its fulfilment in human love and understanding, and Katharina, Kepler's mother, who is selfish, demanding and possessive.

'Impressive but dull' was a general verdict, and certainly the work does not afford a positively delightful evening in the theatre. It is too theoretical, and is developed as an argument: the composer, his own librettist, is not so much concerned to make lyric drama out of how his characters behaved as to evaluate the motives which underlay their behaviour. Instead of the direct presentation of character and conflict (where different kinds of people sing different kinds of music), the action is drily narrated. The impression is less of a play than of an historical novel read aloud by one voice. A discussion about the Living Presence and the formulæ of the Augsburg Confession may establish Kepler's fearless independence of thought, but can scarcely be described as 'theatre'. From a conventional operatic standpoint, *Die Harmonie der Welt* is indeed dully written. The action is bleak, the voice parts ungracious, the texture monotonous.

But only a Beckmesser would judge a work that breaks so much new ground by the standards formed from older operas. The more one ponders on this strange, dedicated composition, the more one admires and is fascinated by it. Hindemith believes in the ethical power of music, and there is something exalting, ennobling, about his *Harmonie der Welt*. The Munich performance (considerably cut) was forthright, and rather plain and unimaginative in its staging and singing; but the work engrossed the mind. It offered intellectual pleasures in the form of musical constructions (a scene built as a 5/4 scherzo, another as variations on a Battle Song) that seemed to mirror the pattern of the argument, and occasional lyrical delights (notably Susanna's very beautiful Bridal Song). And finally orchestra and stage alike began to shine and all conflict was resolved when a great starry universe wheeled before us, and deep bells added their chime to

> Such music (as 'tis said)
> Before was never made,
> But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
> While the Creator great
> His constellations set,
> And the well-balanced World on hinges hung.

To move from this to *The School for Wives* was to cover the full span between opera as spiritual experience and opera as entertainment pure and simple. Liebermann's piece (scripted by his usual collaborator, Strobel, composed to an English libretto by Elizabeth Montagu, and now translated and expanded in German) is brilliant, clever and charming, perhaps the most successful comic opera since *L'Heure Espagnole*. Molière's play has been most deftly and wittily adapted as framework for short arias and ensembles. The score is a glittery magpie-hoard – lyricism, parody and patter, early Hindemith, Roussel and neo-Puccini – but beautifully concocted, attractive to sing, attractive to look at in the Schuh-Neher production, and very well performed. It needs not a moment's hard thought from anyone in the audience: and such operas too – when they are as exceedingly well made as this one – are very valuable indeed.

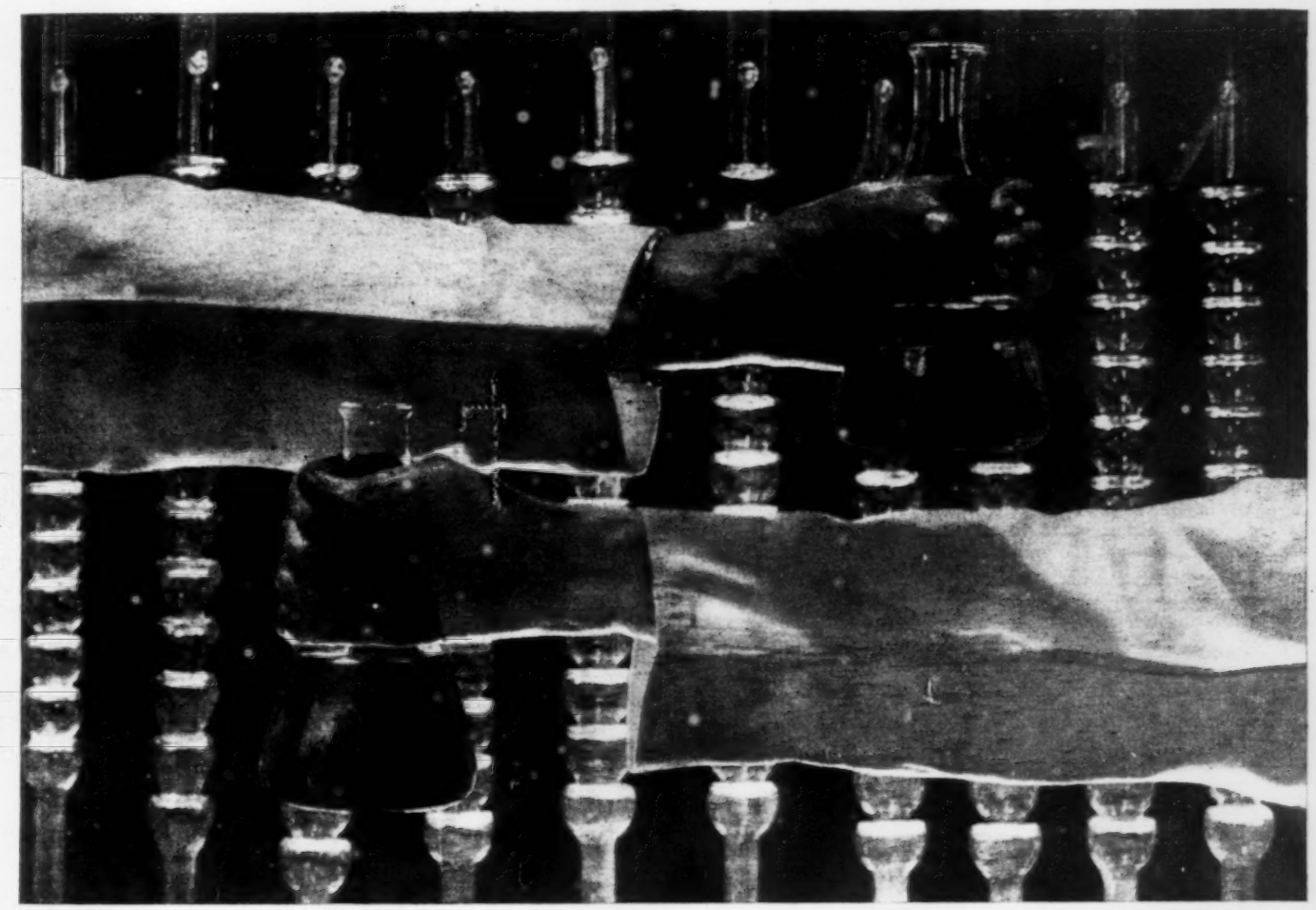
ANDREW PORTER

Sex Lyric

AUGUST is the cruellest month – for film critics too. No seaside in the rains could seem wetter than what meets us in the cinema. We must weep, in *After the Ball*, over Vesta Tilley: all brightness gone from a mannikin one may just remember. We must weep over Esther Costello – who's she? – a novelist's blind, deaf, and mute orphan in the ravenous clutch of Miss Joan Crawford. Again we must weep over a children's hospital and those who run it in *No Time for Tears*, which has little time for anything else. And, at 10.30 on a Monday morning, we are even expected to sob over Mr Elvis Presley. But not for nothing is he called Pelvis. Another interest, mercifully, comes first.

I didn't know him. I didn't know, for example, that he had refined rock and roll, so far as the delivery of lyrics goes, to sex fantasy. This, to outsiders, is as fascinating as any tribal dance in mid-Africa or East Indies, if more exhibitionist and artful. Half a dozen lyrics, mimed in this way, now with the camera looking up at the whole inhibited action, now at the sullen head galvanically shaken, set the film off, despite its sentimentalities, to a roaring start. Soon the audience, the ripe, revivalist girls, are on the screen too, clasping hands, jumping up to attest, shrieking at the climax. And the song over, he is just a nice, motherless boy, who has eaten too many chocolates. *Loving You* (Plaza) runs the usual course of rock and roll films. It starts with a cowboy troupe at a local election (imagine, say, a chorus of tractor-drivers to support the platform in Mr Macmillan's constituency!), the hard life on the road, fame and the teenage allegiance, the first ban, the brave little lecture on rock and roll, the contest with age in the city hall, and the final triumph and nation-wide tie-up. The slop involved here is quite dreadful. And, by the way, the song with which he conquers authority is a sentimental affair with none of the pelvis action – which seems, to say the least of it, unfair. However, there remains the elucidation of his other songs; and whatever you many think of them – whether they kick you, or you think them the last word in degeneracy – they are not null.

The Story of Esther Costello (Leicester Square) would be pure tear-jerking – but for Joan Crawford. She returns to the Irish village where she was born (it looks like some kraal from an exhibition), and her accustomed 'Good evening, gentlemen' to a pub-full of hicks changes everything. Of course she takes back to America with her – it's surprising her car can get out of the mud – the poor afflicted Esther Costello; and then, in civilised surroundings, the Crawford destiny begins to assert itself. She is married to a Charming Swine; first he embezzles money from the Costello Crusade which hideously sweeps America; then he rapes the girl, and this with a coincident thunderstorm restores hearing, sight, and speech; then, Miss Crawford packs the gun she always keeps in an escritoire and forces her Swine to drive them both into a fatal car accident. For Crawford fans this is rather a disappointing film, and for others its exploitation of sympathy may seem a hundred times more objectionable than Mr



Two-way technique for technical achievement

Paper making nowadays is no longer purely a craft industry—technical efficiency is vital to the creation of the huge variety of paper products upon which our modern life depends. How is this best achieved in so diverse an industrial body as the Reed Paper Group, which includes 19 separate major companies concerned with every aspect of making paper and paper products?

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Whenever necessary, Central Laboratories teams are called in by the mills to help with operational problems; likewise the specialised knowledge of the mill technicians is often called upon by the Central Laboratories in carrying out specific research projects. Thus is achieved whatever is best for *you*, the customer.

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Elvis Presley's exploitation of sex. We are sorry for, and admire, Miss Heather Sears in the afflicted part. This is, I believe, despite appearances, a British film. *No Time for Tears* (Rialto) is British through and through: it opens with Miss Anna Neagle, in matron's uniform, kneeling in the packed hospital chapel. We are refused – or spared – nothing. Children on the operating table, nurses fainting and in love with doctors, Christmas in the ward, preparations for the Christmas pantomime, a blind child recovering sight, the pantomime itself, and of course Miss Neagle, gracious as Royalty. I saw this at a public performance, and a child next to me sniffed and laughed – not always, I thought, in the right places.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Art and Otherwise

Art is not life, and cannot be
A midwife to society;

or even, it seems, to a radio discussion programme. Where art was, was quite obvious: it was on the Third, and it took the form of a translation and adaptation of Diderot's *Rameau's Nephew*, with Hugh Burden as Diderot and James McKechnie as Rameau. I don't doubt it's a work that any man even moderately well educated ought to have read. I haven't, and indeed began listening without the slightest notion of what I might expect. And how brilliant it was: as good a fifty minutes, I think, as I've ever heard on the Third. Stimulating and exciting in the way that Shaw and Huxley are, it burst through the time-barrier of two centuries and was as triumphantly fresh as when first written. The books tell me that Diderot was successful neither as a playwright nor as a novelist, but here was superb rendering of character – one was made to *see* Rameau's improvisations of self-dramatisation – splendid impassioned dialogue and social and psychological criticism still as razor-sharp as when first written. The translation and adaptation were by Richard N. Coe, and I am in his debt.

There, then, was art; and the opposition, I suppose, was the two discussions in the Home Service called *The Divided Inheritance*, two broadcasts, to quote *Radio Times*, 'on the difficulties of bringing up children in a society without a common religious faith and in which moral values and codes of conduct seem varied and shifting'. In the first discussion, there was the director of a university Institute of Education, a headmaster, a parent and a child psychiatrist. It all seemed to me very muddled, with questions constantly begged and assumptions accepted on little evidence. One source of confusion was the relation, which is surely a very difficult one, between religion and morals; it seemed to be too easily assumed that religious instruction was a guarantee of good conduct. At the centre of the programme was the parent, a reluctant atheist from South Wales, who deplored with vigour and passion and very evident sincerity the social consequences of his own brand of unbelief. He was, it seemed to me, in a rare state of muddle, and I had the feeling that he could never have met an intelligent parson of any sect in his life.

The interest of the programme, in fact, lay in the muddle, and it was muddle of a kind that art could not, I think, have reproduced. At the same time, I felt that the scientific approach, armed with statistics and ascertained fact, ought to have been heard. For that matter, I'd think an analytical philosopher would have been a useful addition to the panel. What, if anything, is the meaning of 'the divided inheritance'? If it exists, is it new? And are the problems it gives rise to different from or worse than those that exist where inheritance isn't divided?

The second discussion on the subject was more satisfactory because the terms of reference were much more precise and those taking part in it of great experience in their field. It was pinpointed to the single issue of the 'deprived child', the child whose home life has been so broken up that the public conscience, whether the state, local authority or voluntary organisation, has to intervene. Those taking part in the discussion, however conflicting their beliefs, had no difficulty in reaching a conclusion. It wasn't a new one. It was simply the need to restore a sense of emotional security to the child. But it was in this discussion that the importance of the scientific approach, the purely statistical evidence, was made plain. We hear the words 'deprived child' and immediately think of homes wrecked by divorce and so on; but as Mrs Winnicott, of the London School of Economics, showed, a good proportion of the children in the care of public authorities are there simply because of the physical illness of their parents.

Fun on the Third, experience teaches, is usually something to shudder at. But last week the Third came up with at least one programme that was genuinely funny. I had not before heard of Tom Lehrer, either in his capacity of Professor of Mathematics at Harvard or as a song-writer. His songs are dead-pan parodies of 'pop' songs; sentimental rhymes made ruthless – it was impossible not to think of Harry Graham as one listened. Of them all, the one I enjoyed most was 'The Old Dope-Peddlar'. But it was all gay and irreverent. Professor Lehrer would be a natural for the Players Theatre and is quite obviously one more reason for the supremacy of Harvard in American education.

WILLIAM SALTER

DEAR SIR, IS THIS A RECORD ?

Twelve days between starting as a complete beginner and getting into print is rather above our average at the London School of Journalism.

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The following is recorded to encourage those who feel that beginners have no chance.

On June 24th, 1957, a student submitted her first lesson saying " I have had no previous experience." With this lesson she submitted her first article. This was criticised and suggestions were made for its improvement. A revision was afterwards examined, a new caption was given and the article was accepted on July 6th.

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Correspondence

THE MONARCHY

SIR,—As an intelligent, educated and general-minded individual, it strikes me as disgraceful that the first sentence of your allegedly 'intellectual' journal can reveal in the editor's mind such infantile, silly ideas.

Since your editorial reveals you as incapable of serious, adult thought, I must point out to you that it was the *cowardice* of Lord A's attack on a woman who had no right or chance to defend herself that roused the anger and contempt of many people. Particularly since he made a *personal* attack on her manner of speaking.

You, Sir, support Lord A: you, Sir, support the policy of *personal* attacks on women, so long as those women have no chance of defending themselves or being defended.

A leading Sunday newspaper (one of the two dignified ones) refers to the supporters of such a policy as either 'cowards' or 'cads'. I don't know in which of those categories Lord A's supporters prefer to be classified. But I am sorry to see the editor of an 'intellectual' journal descending to such a vulgar teddy-boy level as to support Lord A in his impertinent, gutter-snipe, cock-a-snoop, gibes at the Queen's voice.

A. S. M. DICKINS

7 Bathurst Mews
London, W2

[Our correspondent, who returned a torn-up copy of this journal, complained of the following sentence: 'The comic threats of shooting and horsewhipping, culminating in a physical assault on Lord Altrincham, show that there are still a few primitive people who accept – or for political reasons think the masses ought to accept – the magical, sacrosanct theory of monarchy'.—ED., *N.S.*]

SIR,—I defy you to show what 'intelligible constitutional role' the Scandinavian monarchies play. A monarchy is out of place in any real democracy; the only difference between the position in your country and ours is that the institution for various reasons is somewhat less outrageous here. In Norway, for example, the absence of an aristocracy, the strongly egalitarian society and the personal qualities of the members of the royal family make for far less reaction among progressive people than one should expect in Britain. But 'intelligible constitutional role', no.

What is really disheartening, however, about your editorial of 10 August, is that you fail to come out unequivocally against the monarchy as such. One of the things about British Socialists that most surprises their Scandinavian brethren is your willingness to be radical on economic issues and your unwillingness to be so on many social problems. Could anybody explain to us why you will not pledge yourself to the abolition of the monarchy, the aristocracy (and not only the House of Lords) and above all the public schools? Surely an attack on these powerful remnants of a feudal order would do more to establish a social democracy than the acquisition of half a billion shares?

INGEMAR LINDBLAD

University of Göteborg,
Sweden

SIR,—For the first time, I find myself in serious disagreement with you. The archetype of the monarch is extremely powerful and its projection on to some person or persons in the community, inevitable. A non-political, hereditary figure is the most satisfactory of all such persons and, since required to satisfy so diverse an audience, must, of necessity, be as formal, in gesture and utterance, as possible.

IRENE H. BASSOW

Seaton
Canterbury

SIR,—How is it that part of the national press which devotes so much of its space, year in year out, to keeping us informed on every dull and petty detail of Royal life (isn't it remarkable—they are just like us really!) should affect such shocked surprise when some members of the public query why—since they are so obviously untalented, ordinary and do so little, the Royal Family should cost so much and encourage so much to be wasted by others anxious to 'keep in' or impress? How much, I wonder, is spent annually by local authorities and local organisations in the preparation of extravagant displays, etc., in return for a glimpse of a pair of Royal hands manfully digging a hole for a tree?

BARBARA KEW

31 Hillcroft Crescent
Ealing, W5

SIR,—In the interest of freedom of speech, you are of course fully entitled to publish a teen-ager's jeers at the Queen's taste in clothes, etc. On the other hand, his opinions could hardly have found space in a serious political journal unless he had had a title, which, however illogically, makes him 'news'.

The continued operation of the House of Lords can be tolerated in a democratic country only if the members of the second chamber conscientiously fulfil their function of revising and stabilising legislation. There is nothing in the emotional and frustrated generalisations of this brash young man to indicate that in two years' time he should be entitled to an automatic seat in one of the chambers which guide the country's policy.

G. L. SMITH

Faygate, Horsham

SIR,—Altrincham has exposed a good many people—and not merely those who regard the monarchy as an untouchable deity.

What sort of Socialism is this you expound on 10 August? The argument that remains for the monarchy is that it is constitutionally preferable to the presidential form of government since it enables people more smoothly to change their government; there are psychological advantages in having a hereditary monarch. . . .

Are we all monarchists now? Our battle-cry: royalists of England unite; you have nothing to lose but the accolade!

One can understand the more far-sighted among our nobility wanting to streamline the class-system, the better to preserve it. But the least a Socialist can do is to expose this subterfuge. Instead, you write: 'When the Queen acceded to the throne we suggested that she had a great chance of putting the monarchy on to a saner footing'.

You may take comfort from the fact that mi'lords are following your advice. But the working class can't. These last vestiges of our feudal past are merely another barrier on the road to Socialism which will have to be removed. Our future lies through the workers' republic. And let's have the honesty to say so.

ROBERT HORNSBY

33 Alexandra Park Street
Glasgow, E1

THREE WISE MEN

SIR,—The appointment of an 'independent and impartial' committee to review prices, profits, productivity and wages in order to lessen the inflationary danger through enlightening the public about the effective harmony of interest of all classes of the community has, in my opinion, always been a risky undertaking. Such a committee can adopt one of two methods of approach. Either it can publish known facts about prices, profits, productivity and wages—in that case it would duplicate the work of the Central Statistical Office and the Economic or Information Section of the Treasury. Or it can group these facts into a pattern, comment on them and draw conclusions; in this case, of course, it would no longer merely duplicate work which others are doing better. It would, however, then, *ipso facto*, lose what is called its 'impartiality'.

The way in which statistical material is grouped, the pattern which is established in the causal relations which are brought out by that grouping, very much depends on judgments, and judgment depends partly on temperament, and partly on the assumptions on the basis of which we approach the problems. These assumptions must necessarily be *political* in character. If we have *no* assumptions and thus try to explain things *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, that is also a political decision. There is, for instance, the question whether certain types of increases in wages will stimulate productivity and thus justify themselves, or are to be condemned as inflationary. The answer depends on the assumptions about entrepreneurial ability and drive and motives. There may be little doubt, for instance, that the recent agreement negotiated for four years and giving increases in wages to General Motors workers were an added stimulus to the General Motors management to streamline production, and thus were not inflationary. The relationship between prices, profits, productivity and wages is not a simple and easy one to discern; it certainly is not a unique one, but depends on circumstances. The whole problem is beset with difficulties, psychological and political.

However that may be the actual selection made of committee personnel could hardly have been more unfortunate. The new committee appointed contains an eminent judge, whose knowledge of economics, especially of economics of this highest type, involving dynamic analysis of terribly complex relationships, is naturally limited; a chartered accountant who, distinguished as he is, could not possibly claim any knowledge at all on these matters; and finally it contains Sir Dennis Robertson. Sir Dennis is one of those who have been chiefly responsible in Britain for the re-establishment of the monetary weapon as the sole instrument of economic management. He has been claiming extravagant merits for monetary policy, extolling its subtle and effortless pervasive action, contrasting it sharply with the clumsy ineffectiveness of direct controls. He has in his publications subtly but mercilessly attacked the trend towards egalitarianism as reducing incentive to capital, and in his latest writings, when his theories about monetary control were proved equally erroneous, suggested that perhaps a higher rate of unemployment might be required. To call him impartial in these matters is a wild misstatement.

One might have at least expected from the government that someone would be appointed who, by his previous writings and activity, possessed the confidence of the trade unions. As it is the conclusion is inevitable that what the government wants is to get three men with respectable records to justify a stand-still on wages, without doing anything about income distribution and investment and all other matters in which action would be required if equity is to be safeguarded. The attempt is so blatant that it is unquestionably bound to fail. But for a time before the bias of this 'impartial' body is realised generally, much bitterness and conflict will be inevitable, and the opponents of monetary management and the Labour Party might well be put into the equivocal position of seeming to defend inflation. A move more likely to defeat not only its own ends but the very idea of having a planned wage policy cannot be imagined. As such it is a disaster for the country.

T. BALOGH

TROUBLE IN COVENT GARDEN

SIR,—Mr. Mallalieu has shown by his article on the Covent Garden dispute that he is one of those rare people who try to find out what the truth is and who then have the courage to speak it.

How disappointed he must be in Mr Cousins now. His officials, responsible in his absence for the welfare of the men, proved, at best, to be unbelievably obtuse and incompetent. Under these circumstances it is not relevant for Mr Cousins to talk about the sanctity of trade union obligations. The Covent Garden branch of the T & GWU was led to arbitration under circumstances which, as Mr Mallalieu makes clear, turned the proceedings into a one-sided court of inquiry. When the award was given it enforced arbitration for all disputes remaining unresolved by the conciliation board for a fortnight. The employers in their proposed agreement went beyond this and attempted to abrogate the right to strike. Mr Cousins' officials accepted this, too. To make arbitration compulsory surely negates the principle of voluntary negotiation and weakens the whole conciliation machinery, leading it inevitably into disrepute.

Admittedly Mr Cousins has rid the agreement of the clause making any award 'final and binding'. His career would have been finished had he not done so. But he did little else. He did not challenge the arbitration proceedings. He did not submit the alternative agreement proposed by the union branch to the employers for their consideration even though there were indications that these proposals would have been most acceptable to very many of the firms in the market. He did not secure the inclusion of *any* welfare conditions at all to alleviate the bad working conditions of the men. In the Covent Garden dispute we saw the Jekyll and Hyde character of the Transport and General Workers Union, and Mr Cousins on this occasion used his power not to represent the views of the membership but as an ancillary disciplinary force in industry. No wonder he is the wonder boy of the Tenants' Association.

The award helps the trend towards monopoly in the market, in that it hits at the small firms very hard indeed, and some of them may soon find themselves financially crippled and bought out by bigger firms or by the 'Direct Marketing Organisation'. This will mean less competition and higher prices.

The housewife does not know why the prices of fruit and vegetables are as high as they are. The Housewives' League has done valiant work in trying to find out, and in condemning monopolies, dumping, and artificially short markets. Instead of urging that the representatives of the two big power blocks 'get together and have some more talks' as Mr Mallalieu did, I should rather recommend a public inquiry into *all* aspects of Covent Garden market

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree, not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation. **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You may study for them at home and in your own time, wherever you are. **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for these examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. The Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that in the event of failure, tuition will be continued free. Fees are reasonable and may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 13,000 Successes at Lond. Univ. exams. **alone** from 1947. **Write for PROSPECTUS** to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH24,

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trade and practices with a strong consumer representation on any such inquiry.

The restrictive practices of the union have now been put right; the employers have, now, the system of labour which they have assured us will do away with such practices and benefit the public. Let the public investigate and discover for itself whether fruit and vegetables are as fresh as they could and should be – when they come after having been a month or more in storage depots for example – or as cheap as they could be. How much profit is hidden in the so-called 'handling charges'? How far do combines and marketing boards keep prices high?

The Runciman Report was useful as far as it went. But the investigation of many of the restrictive practices in the market were found to be outside the terms of reference of their committee. What the consumer wants is a thorough-going inquiry which will have all the power, and the courage, to uncover what keeps prices high in the market even though labour has been reorganised. At the Trafalgar Square rally, Mr Holland on behalf of the union branch said that the workers would welcome any system of marketing and labour which would give the consumer a fair deal. It is up to the consumer to take up that challenge and to throw it at the feet of the merchants and the middlemen who stand between the grower and his fair profits, and the consumer and cheap food. This will not be done by encouraging the jointure of Mr Mack and Mr Cousins.

MANUELA SYKES

Covent Garden, WC2

SIR,—In Mr Mallalieu's article on Covent Garden we are given a picture of the ogre-like employers and their alleged restrictive practices, but not a word about the restrictive practices of the porters.

Does Mr Mallalieu know that if a lorry with 500 cases of oranges arrived outside a firm's premises and only 100 cases were unloaded, the rest being for another branch of the firm or another market, that the porters demanded and received porterage on the whole 500 cases? Does he also know that pitching gangs kept firms waiting up to an hour and more before they decided to do their work, and many times this practice was deliberate, so as to 'teach' the bosses where they got off? Does he know that buyers have been subjected to what is tantamount to blackmail by services being given only after 'dropsy' (market expression for a bribe) had been given? It is a well-known market saying that 'no dropsy, bottom of the list'. Many buyers and retailers can vouch for this.

Does he know that porters frequently left lorries half-unloaded because it was time to knock off work, and by so doing made the lorry return to the garage and have to come back next day to complete unloading? An extra few minutes would have seen the work done, but no . . . they wanted to show who was the boss. Does he know that what he calls 'specialist functions' were done efficiently by office staffs for a month, without any previous training for this 'specialisation'? Does he know that this unskilled 'specialist' labour was receiving up to £30 per week (not counting 'dropsy') for their work? Mr Mallalieu appears to have quite a lot to learn.

JOHN DINSWOOD

94 Waverley Road
Ewell

TORTURE IN ALGERIA

(M. Charles Bettelheim, Director of the Ecole Pratique des Haute Etudes at the Sorbonne, has sent us the following letter which he has received from Madame Maurice Audin.)

SIR,—I am writing to you to tell you what has happened to my husband, Maurice Audin, Lecturer in the Science Faculty at Algiers University, who was due to sit for his doctorate this autumn, and thus become, at 25, one of the youngest Doctors of Science in France.

A 11 p.m. on Tuesday, 11 June, soldiers from the First Parachute Regiment came to our flat and arrested my husband. No explanation was given. I was forced to remain in our flat, together with my children until Saturday, 15 June, and prevented from communicating with anyone, even by telephone. As soon as I was free I tried, unsuccessfully, to get news of him. On 22 June the local press announced that he was 'in forced residence'. The same day I received a letter, dated 22 June, from M. Maisonneuve, Private Secretary to M. Lacoste, the Minister-Resident. It stated that my husband was in 'enforced residence at the disposition of the Military Commander, Bouzareah Sub-Sector' (an area controlled by police and paratroop units), that he was 'in very good health', and that I would shortly be allowed to see him. The same day the parachutists returned to my house, to check up on my visitors.

A week later my lawyer managed to get me an appointment with Colonel Godard, Military Commander for the Algiers-Sahel District, on 1 July. I was told to go there alone and to expect reassuring news. In fact, I was merely shown an official report, which stated that my husband had 'escaped' while being taken from the 'Suspect Camp' at El Biar for questioning in a 'villa' in the Rue Faidherbe. This was said to have occurred 10 days after his arrest, the day before they told me he was well, and that I would see him shortly. I find it impossible to believe this report. I do not believe my husband had either opportunity or motive to escape. The paratroops also appeared to think the report was untrue; when they came back to our flat on 22 June they made it clear that their sole purpose was to be able to claim later that they had watched the flat in case my husband tried to hide there. From what they told me I have reason to believe he is dead. I have since learned that he was tortured. Dr. Hadjadj, who is in the Algiers Civil Prison, told my lawyer that he saw my husband before 21 June, while he was still in the hands of the paratroops, and that he was in a very weak state after torture. The day after my husband was arrested the same paratroop unit arrested M. Alleg, and I have read in *L'Express* that M. Alleg was 'questioned' by Lieutenant Charbonier. It is significant that the soldiers who kept me imprisoned in our flat between 11 June and 15 June received constant telephone instructions from Charbonier.

Everything, therefore, suggests that my husband has been brutally treated and that he may now be dead. There are rumours in Algiers that he is lying, dangerously ill, in a 'black camp'. I do not know if this is true; all I know is that since 11 June, the day he was arrested, he has given no sign of life. He has now been missing two months, and the authorities still insist he 'escaped'. If he is in a 'black', let me be told at once, so that I can see he gets medical attention. If he is dead, as seems more probable, let the world be informed so that those responsible, and their accomplices, can be punished. Until now there has been too much silence about this affair. I believe all decent people condemn these procedures, and will insist that they be stopped.

MADAME MAURICE AUDIN

PORTUGUESE SUICIDES

SIR,—In the absence on leave of the press attaché to this embassy, I should like to be allowed to deal with but one of the points raised by you in your issue of 13 July, by way of comment on the attaché's letter which you also published. I refer to your statement 'that two others died while being examined in prison is not apparently denied'.

For reasons of space and because we do not feel that it is incumbent on us to discuss or justify our laws and legal process, I shall confine my remarks to this particular point in view of the grave implication (not to say insinuation) that the persons concerned died as the result of ill treatment.

I am now able to state that the true circumstances in which the deaths of the prisoners occurred were the following. One of them, whose very complete revelations had led to the discovery of an entire Communist organisation, committed suicide in fear of reprisals on being told that he would be set free. The other prisoner who had also given information implicating militant Communists still at large, took his own life on learning of the other's suicide.

A. F. DE ALMEIDA

Portuguese Embassy

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Exile

M. JEAN-AUBRY'S work on Conrad is well known; the present Life* has been available in French for some years. It is informed but incurious and can hardly now be up to date. Conrad was very much an autobiographical writer and was very explicit in his memories; this has made him too easily the coeval of his biographer who simply runs beside him. The subject, under this treatment, has dimension but no depth. Still, M. Jean-Aubry has done a clear and devoted work of collation.

Two things strike us about Conrad. The first is that despite his life of action, his true heritage was political and literary. He took to the sea, as a writer might, if he had a good stomach, out of a romantic passion for travel and geography. He was not a born seaman who eventually takes to writing as another form of extraversion. Conrad's father was a well-known if minor literary figure in Poland, a dilettante of reckless political nerve, and the son's decision to go to sea was a violent break with the formative influences of his upbringing. It was a protest, an adventure, could almost be thought an aberration, and was likely to recoil. Secondly, we must note the immense importance of politics and especially of political defeat in his life. He saw defeat lived out in tragedy, in the death of his father and mother after their exile in Siberia. He was with them there; he nearly died there. He learned exile as a child. The 'gloom' of Conrad was not the broad, passive gloom of the Russians which seems to arise from the dull excess of space; he disliked being called a Slav. He was a Westerner who despised the Dostoevskian Russia. Conrad's 'gloom' – as his biographer says – began with his early schooling in sorrow. It grew, later on, into something hard and sardonic. It is the bitter irony of the active man of strong imagination who sees, with personal indignation, the relativeness of experience. The exile has the illusion of moral freedom and becomes a connoisseur of the ironies of his situation. One is haunted throughout Conrad's writing by inhibition: his tragedies are not tragic, but, as Douglas Hewitt said in his *Conrad: A Reassessment* (Bowes & Bowes) six years ago, they *resemble* tragedies. They are a restless collection of data for tragedy. Hence, perhaps, the stress on the value of work in his books; work checks the imagination. Marlowe is kept going in the Congo by the practical necessity of repairing his boat, and of watching for shoals. The tormenting imagination is kept under by sweat.

There is some parallel in the lives of Conrad and his father. The dangerous political gestures of the father were patriotic, noble, passionate and romantic, but they were carried on in the futile void created by an all-powerful tyranny. There was a total lack of prospect. It was oceanic. In the life of the son the conception of tyranny that wastes life has changed into the embittering notion of Destiny. There is something odd about Conrad's idea of Destiny; so often it is merely exasperating, when it should surely be dreadful; perverse when it should be impassive. The men of the generation of Conrad's father knew evil by direct experience. The police rapped on the door. The arrest was made. The lies were told. The trial took place and the protests. The sentence to Siberia, which was really a sentence to fatal illness and the loss of everything valued in life, was a fact – to Conrad's father. To the son, when he grew up, evil was a bad dream, a sinister memory, a dark rhetorical suggestion. Again and again in his work, the evil thing becomes diffused and generalised into an indefinable reek of corruption. It is indeed Conrad's special contribution to the English novel, to have insinuated into it the sense of an atmosphere of evil which is notoriously lacking; but as Dr Leavis has fairly said: 'he is intent on making a virtue out of not knowing what he means. The vague and unrealisable, he asserts with a strained impressiveness, is the profoundly and tremendously significant.' On the other hand, we have to note that Conrad is better at the evil fact – the cannibal helmsman lying dead in the wheelhouse in *Heart of Darkness*; the crew disappointed that they cannot eat the body – than he is at evil in the general sense. There are times when the belief in original sin sounds either histrionic or professional; and in *Heart of Darkness* far too much play is made with words like 'inscrutable', 'unfathomable', 'impalpable', 'mysterious', 'inconceivable' in a manner that suggests an attempt to create a system or dogma of evil by sheer rhetoric. Conrad's description of the Congo is unforgettable, but his moral reflections look like stage-drawings or temporary constructions. I think the exile's temperament gave Conrad his obsession with the allusive. He could never resist a symbol; and his images tend to submerge his people at their crisis, as if they were evasions. Even so, such a concern for texture does not really explain why 'Mistah Kurtz', the whole focus of *Heart of Darkness*, is a ghost or figment. His extreme lusts – what are they? What unnameable things did he do? Was he a cannibal? He murdered, we suppose. It is curious that when Marlowe actually sees the heads on the poles outside the hut, he sees them not by the defenceless naked eye but by the magnifying intervention of binoculars. At the very crisis of the story we do not directly face the fact; we are given the distorting illusion.

Kurtz is, of course, made into an ubiquitous, diffused, romantic symbol in this manner and is the symbol of two kinds of corruption: the primordial, and the disgusting aspect of colonial exploitation in its first greedy rush. The Whites have gone mad with greed. Kurtz has simply been logical. He has gone over the borderline into 'complete freedom'. He has accepted the union of 'desire and hate'; he has split into the prim hypocrite citizen and the savage lunatic. In love (we are led to conclude) he found 'horror'. All this is psychologically absorbing, for Conrad means it to apply as a potential to all of us; but it is mere hearsay in the novel. The novelist does not show us an instance of it in action.

Conrad was concerned with fear, guilt, remorse and the tincture of corruption in good things. He is preoccupied by betrayal. It is the rootless who betray. His greatness lies in the handling of a large range of moral types who suffer these evils each in a different way, so that we feel he understands a universal condition. The preoccupation stirred up certain Polish critics years ago. What crime or betrayal had Conrad on his conscience? Why did he write *Lord Jim*? What about *The Secret Agent*? His work is close to personal experience – did he commit some fault at sea? It seems certain that he did not. He may have felt a morbid anxiety, M. Jean-Aubry says, as a foreigner, that he might not come up to the codes of the nation he had made his own. The Poles suggested that Conrad felt the guilt of the emigré, a guilt all the sharper because he was the son of a man who had been a national martyr. Conrad did not evade the criticism and answered it very sensibly.

I do not think that Conrad had any feeling of personal betrayal. I return to the theme that, as an exile, Conrad experienced the exile's moral freedom and its terrors. The positive contribution of the emigré to society is that he becomes, perforce, its melancholy and endowed psychologist. He has only himself and, towards the self, he becomes more sensitive, less blinded by habit than those who are incuriously committed to their environment. The emigré is outside the social conspiracy. He has to suffer everything. His danger – it is one of Conrad's subjects and one on which he is, I would say, apprehensive – is moral dilettantism; his advantage is that he may get a complete, intricately observed view of the forces at work in society. Such a view has made *Nostromo* one of the most powerful, imaginative and exact political novels in our language, and one which has gathered force and cogency since 1904. It creates a South American republic, expounds its history and economic situation in depth, pronounces on its revolution, accurately predicts its American future; and we see these things in terms of real people with the conscience and idiosyncracy to embody them. The poetic symbolism is as precise as the ore of the mines; one critic (I believe it was Oliver Warner) pointed out the importance in the allegory, that silver is the second-rate metal. *Nostromo* is a masterpiece of complex faceting, and each facet has the intense light of a reality in society and human nature.

As for the man, M. Jean-Aubry presents us with the punished, affectionate, dignified and dramatic figure we well know. The letters to his uncle reveal a young man who was certainly a wild Pole, an adventurer, a romantic – Puritan where women are concerned. He was anxious for popular success. One guesses that he liked a certain amount of style in living. He did not forget he was a nobleman. He was no bourgeois. He prolonged Meredithian Romance – one would like to know more about his English reading. He was unlucky in learning English in one of its very literary periods, for this damaged his dialogue; especially unlucky, because he reached forward prophetically to a time when exile has become, to our sense, a general experience.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The Sea Dreamer*. By GERARD JEAN-AUBRY. *Allen & Unwin*. 25s.

The Shirt

Although I feel its shape could knit my bones
As the sun's cautery the eye,
Yet by this gift you wove I cannot promise
Though now I say
Love, eternal love! Death separates: but
Life too pulls apart

That ancient, faithful, penelopean weave
Of love's gentle shirt,
Unpicking each web which
With pitiless care it spins
About the naked, blue—like the hungering sea.
It is love's curse to bless

And hate; this shirt you net me in will burn.
For though now beneath these hands
Which press this oceanic shirt round me
I thrive in your eyes' kind sea;
That same steady main,
Which through the texturing earth
Is always working its queer alchemy,
Of your curved scalding eye shall bitterly
cauterise me.

It is in love's sweetness to calcify; and
No one yet wove more sweetly than you for me.

JON SILKIN

Mr Punch

A History of Punch. By R. G. G. PRICE. *Collins.* 30*s*.

Mr Price's history is a work of piety – but of a piety which has mercifully not robbed him of the power of detached judgment. As he makes plain, jokes are not really *Punch's* business. They are merely incidental to it, a concession to the British need to conceal emotion behind good form. There have been many funnier papers than *Punch*. But this has not mattered. *Punch's* real business – like the Monarchy, the Royal Academy, the Church of England and *The Times*, all of which have at times been much funnier – is to be a National Institution.

What was it that marked *Punch* out almost at the very beginning from the ruck of its humorous, satirical, topical, short-lived rivals? It has had in its service, along with a considerable number of those competent hacks on which all papers must depend, many excellent writers and even better artists. Mr Price does justice – now and then a little more than justice – to most of them. But so have others. Indeed, reading Mr Price, what strikes one most frequently is not so much the number of eminent wits who have contributed to it as the number who haven't – that constant theme in its history which Mr E. V. Knox once described as 'missing the best man'. It is a considerable feat for a humorous and satirical journal to omit publishing Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Belloc, Beerbohm, and Saki all at the same time.

Yet in fact none of this has mattered. Neither talent nor its absence, not even the long tradition of anonymity, surely one of the oddest and most stultifying of all traditions for a humorous paper, has stood in the way of its climb to institutional status. *Punch* had its radical phase in the early days, although this has taken on more of a glow in retrospect: it was, as Mr Price says, never more than fragmentary, and apart from Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, which Lemon published against the massed advice of 'The Table', left little worth remembering. It had its Bohemian phase, too – but that was soon outgrown with Thackeray's help. And what in fact most strongly animated its staff almost from the very beginning was the determination to be gentlemanly. *Punch's* original appeal was to the lower middle-class but its staff made sure that 'it went up the social scale with it'. Sala may have been good enough for the *Daily Telegraph*, he was not good enough for *Punch*. To use him, or men like him, objected 'The Table' – that formidable embodiment of the true tradition which has provided a powerful curb on editorial adventurers from Jerrold to Muggeridge—would mean 'that *Punch* would become known as Bohemian and blackguardedly instead of gentlemanly' and (oh most horrible) '*Punch* proofs would be flourished in taverns'. In putting its money on gentlemanliness the early *Punch* met the needs of its time in much the same way and for some of the same reasons, as Addison's and Steele's *Spectator*.

Just as the *Spectator* was helped by the fact that it could be read with equal pleasure and propriety by women as by men, so *Punch* benefited enormously from the fact that in scores of upper middle-class families it became 'one of the few experiences that children shared with their parents'. Little *Punch* readers were being born every minute. It is a mistake to think that the back numbers of the paper provide a social history of the age. They do nothing of the kind. There were far too many things, the trade unions and the Labour movement among them, that *Punch* knew nothing about. But what they do is to provide a 'world-picture' that the middle and upper middle classes of the Victorian and Edwardian age liked to believe in. A great many nostalgic people have since convinced themselves of its truth.

Punch had luck, of course, but there was a good deal of conscious design about it also. Mr Price believes it was Tenniel ('and the *Punch* Table working through him') who more than any other single influence brought the paper this ultimate, and despite Mr Muggeridge's best efforts, still only slightly dented accolade. When Tenniel took over the cartoon his commission was no longer 'to strike a blow for a cause or right a burning injustice' but 'to undertake a descriptive job in which no convictions mattered'. His success made him the inevitable recipient of a knighthood and a public dinner presided over by Balfour. But the actual moment of *Punch's* emergence as Olympus can probably be placed, not with a Tenniel but a Leech cartoon, his famous illustration of the death of the Czar. The significance of this cartoon, as Mr Price aptly points out, was that 'It was not for anything or against anything. It simply summed up memorably and ingeniously what people had not realised they were feeling'. Could national institutionmanship go further?

Unfortunately, it could – a good deal further. All the way, indeed, to the *Punch* of the Twenties and Thirties when, 'as liable to change as the Nelson Column' its function was assumed to be 'to act as a fixed point for a bemused public until the normal condition of stasis was resumed' and, apart from a few bright spirits like A. P. Herbert, to whose merits Mr Price pays just tribute, it seemed to be written by the half-witted, and proud of it, for readers with a sub-normal sense of humour.

Mr Price is a pre-ordained *Punch* writer. At the age of eight he would sit quietly and contemplate the ecstasy of writing for *Punch* – an odd obsession which he reports he found later to be common to *Punch* writers. It has not, fortunately, clouded his vision. He sees his paper plain, missing neither its virtues nor its merits. He has written an excellent book and no part of it is better than his final chapter on the Muggeridge revolution and also – very perceptive this – on Muggeridge himself. *Punch* has been subject to several revolutions in its time – all of them unfinished. Mr Muggeridge's great qualification for the editorship was that he had, as he told its proprietors, never read *Punch* much and disliked what he knew of it, feeling it 'stuffy, weakly collaborationist in politics, muffled in comment, handicapped by fear of causing offence'. He gave it the shake-up it needed, he found new contributors, he gave the best of the old contributors new elbow room, he made it talked about. But, as happens with *Punch* revolutions, the tumult has begun to die. Either 'The Table', or perhaps the hard commercial facts of life, show signs of being too strong for him. *Punch* after three years of Muggeridge is, as Mr Price points out, much more like the old *Punch* than *Punch* after three months of him. I personally regret this. But then I have never been a natural *Punch* reader. I prefer Muggeridge to the paper. Yet it is some evidence of the quality of Mr Price's history that having begun it in a mood of hostility I ended it aware of virtues. I even find myself sharing Mr Price's hopes for its future. Collapse, as you might say, of stout party.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Ostland!

The Volga Rises in Europe. By CURZIO MALAPARTE. *Redman.* 16*s*.

German Rule in Russia. By ALEXANDER DALLIN. *Macmillan.* 60*s*.

On 22 June 1941 the German armies rolled into Russia. To Alexander Dallin, now reviewing the record of the German occupation of Soviet territory, it seems that this was 'not a decision reached by rational analysis, but rather a foolhardy gamble that made no provision for failure'. To Curzio Malaparte, the gifted Italian writer who went as the only correspondent with the assault troops that crossed the Prut, it was a different kind of war – a war of industrial machines:

> . . . I could see, slowly advancing, not an army, but an immense travelling workshop, an enormous mobile foundry. . . . It was as if the thousands of chimneys, cranes, iron bridges and steel towers, the millions of cog-wheels, the hundreds and hundreds of blast-furnaces and rolling mills . . . of the entire Ruhr, were advancing in a body over the vast expanse of corn-fields that is Bessarabia.

Malaparte, who died a few weeks ago, was a strange man. Though he stressed continually his 'objectivity' (his last years were spent hovering between the Catholic Church and the Communist Party), I suspect him of improving his reports and spicing them with good stories. All the same, his accounts of the first weeks of the fighting on the eastern front were sufficiently vivid to get him into disfavour, and they remain vivid enough to give some sense of what that first dash across the corn-fields was like.

They do not, however, cover the rest of the story, when the German armies were checked, then pushed back, and finally broken to pieces: nor was Malaparte a witness of the incredible confusion and brutality which marked the German control of the *Ostland*. That story has been pieced together from German sources by Mr Dallin, in one of the most fascinating studies of Nazi theory and practice that has been produced since the

war: this book clearly reveals how personal feuds, power struggles and differences of outlook between the German leaders turned what was a 'foolhardy gamble' into certain failure.

From the outset there was no clear purpose in the eastern campaign. Did Germany intend to occupy the territory permanently, driving out the Russian inhabitants, or was a German élite to rule over Russian slaves? Was the territory to be split up among puppet states, loyal to the New Order but preserving minority cultures? These questions were never resolved, and the failure to answer them created enormous difficulties for the German soldiers and administrators.

The only sensible directive was that issued on the eve of the invasion by the Wehrmacht propaganda branch: drive a wedge between the Soviet regime and the people, and beware of antagonising the potentially friendly population by talk of partitioning the Russian state. But Hitler, carried away by his belief that the Russians were mongoloid *Untermenschen*, would have none of such talk. While the army wanted to take this line, Hitler wanted war against both Kremlin and people; Alfred Rosenberg, the ineffective ideologist who was Minister for the East, wanted to partition Russia but woo the people to Germany's side; Goebbels had views and agencies of his own; and in Ribbentrop's Foreign Office several cliques were in conflict. To these intrigues – and Mr Dallin's study of them is a masterly revelation of the way political issues are fought out in a totalitarian society – add the operations of the SS, the Gestapo, the Abwehr, local Nazi commissars and a horde of collaborationists, emigrés and Soviet defectors. Small wonder that German occupation rule was an amalgam of terror and incompetence.

It need not have been so. Mr Dallin believes that if the Germans had followed the simple line proposed by Wehrmacht Propaganda, had made life no harder and no more complicated for the Russians than, say, for the Vichy French, and had refrained from trying to liquidate the eastern *Untermensch*, they might have cracked Soviet Russia apart. Instead, they gave the Russians hell. 'We are enthusiastically received on all sides' declared an intelligence report in July 1941. By August 1942, cruelty and extortion had made their impact: 'The basic attitude is one of deep resignation' ran one report that month. In October 1943 an army source commented: 'In truth, the bulk of the population is hostile'.

Three milestones on the road to ruin. And from the material assembled by Mr Dallin it is easy to see why the Nazi regime hurtled so quickly past them. Erich Koch, in charge of the Ukraine, declared in the spring of 1942 that the people of the *Ostland* 'stood far below us and should be grateful to God that we allowed them to stay alive. We liberated them; in return, they must know no other goal except to work for us.' More than a year later Himmler was still sticking to the theme:

> Whether these peoples live in prosperity or starve to death interests me only in so far as we need them as slaves for our *Kultur*. Whether 10,000 Russian females drop dead from exhaustion while digging an anti-tank ditch interests me only in so far as the anti-tank ditch is finished for Germany.

The Soviet territories were pillaged for foodstuffs and raw materials; factories were destroyed; prisoners were killed by the tens of thousands or allowed to die; droves of civilians were pointlessly murdered. (In Minsk, one day in January 1942, 280 civilians were shot and dumped into a ditch. Because the ditch was not quite full, another 30 were fetched and killed. Among them were 23 skilled Polish workers who were only in the local prison because there was nowhere else to billet them.) And while all this was going on, other departments of the supposedly efficient and coherent Reich were working to set up sympathetic puppet regimes, to recruit volunteer workers for Germany, and to restore Soviet industrial plant. While Koch was closing the schools in the Ukraine, Rosenberg was planning to establish a university in Kiev.

What began as a fantastic dream fast degenerated into a ghastly nightmare: by the middle of 1944, when the Soviet armies were flooding across Poland and the July plotters were being hounded in Berlin, Himmler was giving new instructions for territories already liberated from the Germans. It is no good trying to spread Nazi ideas in the East, he wrote, and it may be dangerous to revive either the Catholic or Orthodox churches. Very well, provide a non-violent system of values to pacify the eastern hordes – for the 'Turkic peoples' (that is, the Moslems!) offer Buddhism; for the Christians offer the pacific, 'anti-Catholic' doctrine of Jehovah's Witnesses. Kaltenbrunner was told to screen the concentration camps to find suitable 'bible students' for this task.

The Nazi administration (as distinct from the army) never had a clear grasp of realities in the *Ostland*, but by the last year of the war their ideas and their actions were those of criminal lunatics. They were grasping at every policy, no matter how contradictory, that offered a means of fighting on: by the very end, even Hitler and Himmler had come to realise that there might be some point in political warfare designed to win over Russian opinion and recruit Mongols, Great Russians, Ukrainians, Balts and all the rest into the 'racially pure' German forces. (The army commanders had covertly done this already, to the tune of half a million.) In the last days, they saw dimly the simple objective that the soldiers had seen when Operation Barbadossa was planned.

No one should imagine that Mr Dallin's long and complex book is merely an academic exercise. It is a horrifying epitaph on 20 million graves.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Tremulous Gold

Collected Poems. By EDITH SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

Dame Edith Sitwell's literary criticism maintains, whatever its subject, a consistency of method that should be noted by readers of her poetry. She always advances on two fronts: by way of the broadest impressionism ('The whole of *The Rape of the Lock* is fresh as the summer air blowing down the dew that tastes of the green leaves on which it has been lying . . .'), and by detailed appraisal of the sound of words: '"lucke" in the 7th line' – of Cleopatra's 'Give me my robe' speech –

> is a dulled dissonance to 'quicke' in the 4th, and is divided from this by the darker, more hollow dissonance of 'mocke' in the 5th. 'Praise', in the 6th line, is a higher dissonantal echo of 'rowse' in the 5th, and 'Come', the first word of the 11th line, is an echo of 'done', the last word in the 10th. But an echo that has taken on a body.

One must observe that she treats her own poetry in the same way as she treats Shakespeare's: the notes in which she introduces her collected poems speak of 'dull crumbling "l"s', of 'the fawning, crouching sound of "fantee"', of the 'feeling of gradually rotting flesh' gained by an 'arrangement of soft "s"s and of their slightly firmer counterpart, the "ch"s'. So that although this kind of thing may appear a barren exercise in relation to Shakespeare, it must command respect for the student of her own work, where the fantasy is authoritative. And to put her early *Serenade* –

> The tremulous gold of stars within your hair
> Are yellow bees flown from the hive of night—

alongside a specimen of her later verse, chosen almost at random –

> I who was once a golden woman like those who walk
> In the dark heavens—but am now grown old
> And sit by the fire, and see the fire grow cold—

is to see that Dame Edith's critical procedure is the only one that can be applied here. The heart of the matter is her very nice ear and her sweet singing. She is mistress of beautiful and (as in the *Façade* poems) witty music. It is a pity that a large number of early poems, perhaps amounting to half the *Troy Park* (1925) and *Rustic Elegies* (1927) volumes, have been left out of this collection; they seem to me to compare favourably, despite a certain dependence on *Prufrock* –

> landladies that scuttle
> Sideways like sharp crabs—,

with her later work which is often spineless and Swinburnian in argument and in its use of the long line. The critical sense that recognises Leats's *Sailing to Byzantium* and *Among School Children* as great poems, and his *Byzantium*, for all its music, as less than great, will also see that it is no kindness to her fine talent to match her out of her class by coupling her name with those of Yeats and Mr Eliot. At that level her work is betrayed by failure of mind. Keats said of Wordsworth and his *Gipsies*: 'it seems to me that if Wordsworth had thought a little deeper at that moment he would not have written the poem at all'. So with Dame Edith. The present volume records her reaction to adverse criticism in these terms: 'Therefore, to rebukes and protests, I

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returned the answer "God comfort thy capacity", and went on my way.' The critic might suggest that she should also have a message for herself: she should allow that her work is sometimes unappetisingly raw, and she should cry out, in her delightful nursery rhyme manner,

Dame get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies,

when she wakes up each morning.

JOHN JONES

New Novels

Equator. By JOHN LODWICK. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

The Angel and the Sailor. By CALVIN KENTFIELD. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The World of Suzie Wong. By RICHARD MASON. *Collins.* 16*s.*

The Paper Dolls. By LAURA BEHELER. *Peter Davies.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

When a writer puts a real man into an imaginary environment, he is bound to lessen that man's reality. We are so largely dependent for what we are upon the realities surrounding us that if we are cut off from them we lose a dimension. Novels of the future, novels of uncharted islands, Ruritanian novels – they cannot, in the deepest of human terms, come off completely. Even the historical novel, the background of which is necessarily (in a precise sense) imaginary, has got to suffer a certain loss, even if a small one, of seriousness. The moment the guessing-game creeps in – what *was* it like? What *would* it have been like? What *will* it be like? – an element is introduced which detracts from concentration of interest upon character.

The tireless Mr John Lodwick has invented a location rather more interesting than most such inventions: an island in a crocodile-ridden lake of Central Africa, held triumphantly against the British, French and Belgians because it lies slap in the middle of their shipping lanes. It is ruled by Matamoros, a benevolent dictator, a left-over from the Spanish Civil war: and as Utopias go, this isn't at all bad. One is perfectly prepared to believe that, to an extent, it works. An Englishman lands there, one of Mr Lodwick's sensitive cynics, makes himself indispensable to Matamoros and marries his daughter. From that point on, the story is a neat twisting together of serious love and serio-comic politics; it thickens at the end into tragic love, and some very tragical mirth in the way of political crisis and disaster. This seems to me the warmest and most magnanimous novel Mr Lodwick has written, but I could wish the tone of his satire were less uneasy. Just as he is successfully inducing us to laugh the other side of our faces, he wrecks the mood by having his hero eaten by a crocodile. It is a sort of symbolic crocodile; the island is a symbolic island; and his characters, with whom he has taken some trouble, match a little uncomfortably with both.

The Angel and the Sailor contains a novella and nine short stories, gloomily planted on the banks of the Mississippi. Mr Kentfield is a highly conscious stylist, and his actual writing has edgy distinction; but he seems to have no idea at all of the relation between narrative, commentary and scene. The result is that he will build up, over pages and pages, atmospheric background to some incident which can be dismissed in a few lines and which, indeed, he so dismisses. The title story, about the demoniac possession of a child by the spirit of an amorous sailor from the China seas, is the most successful: but it is, in essence, a rather slight bogy-story blown up into something portentous. There is a short tale of a child impelled, out of terror and devilment, to tease a dotty old lady, which is so fudged by fine writing that one is constantly diverted from what Mr Kentfield is saying by the way he is saying it. Which is the insoluble dilemma of the aesthetic novel.

The World of Suzie Wong contents itself with very simple, direct, unreflective narrative writing, but harasses an old theme too hard. Robert Lomax, an English painter living in Hong Kong, accidentally takes up residence in a short-time house; like Toulouse-Lautrec, whose life may have given Mr Mason the idea, Lomax is content to make friends with all the girls, interest himself in their affairs and take notes; but at last he falls in love with one of them, Suzie, and after lengthy preliminaries marries her and takes her back to England. It may be a daring thing to do, for Suzie is not only a notorious prostitute but has been in jail for maliciously wounding a *consœur*; all the same, it is hard to believe that the poor girl, taken to a private show of Lomax's paintings attended by (one supposes) members of the ICA and the Arts Council, would find these persons looking down their noses at her and making snide remarks, just like Van Vechten's provincials confronted by the Tattooed Countess. At two-thirds of its present length Mr Mason's book would have been very readable; but he has stretched his material far too thin.

The Paper Dolls is about a neglected child who lives in a dream world from which, when she grows up, she is unable to escape. The paper dolls intrude upon her love-affair and drive her to the gin-bottle. Miss Beheler may not have attended a course in Creative Writing, but she sounds as though she has. She overwrites dreadfully, in a style of almost unique squalor.

> They collapsed into beery gales of laughter. Some time later, they messed around over a catfish dinner.

This is right at the beginning of an idyll. Yet Miss Beheler does try hard, and is honest in her trying. She has a certain amount of excess creative energy which she may turn to good use later on; the laws of promise may work for her. At the moment, however, she is *thinking* the wrong way. It does no harm for a young writer to strain after effect if it is the right effect; but at the moment Miss Beheler is striving for power through the accumulation of sink-basket detail. She has one rather good character – a soul-probing, over-intellectual young New York Jew, the heir of Proust's Bloch and Thomas Wolfe's Abe Jones. If she continues to think about people as hard as she has thought of him, she may do much better. But her heroines must no longer mash their faces into teary pillows.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Passing Clouds

Sublime Tobacco. By COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

'Sublime' is Byron's, and it rolls agreeably at a moment of—shall we say?—suspect cigarette. Such moments have regularly fanned the progress of smoking. In Sir Compton Mackenzie's schooldays clay pipes, unless sealing-waxed, were lethal; earlier, a drop of nicotine had killed the cat; snuff for a while had lorded it over puff; 'smoking was included in the prohibition against adultery, the penalty for which was imprisonment, fine and pillory' in seventeenth-century Zurich; and so back to Raleigh and King James, and on to a Dr Solly, who thought the Royal Navy had grown inefficacious through the weed and attributed to it most deaths, especially sudden ones, before dropping dead himself. Burton represents divided feeling in a swelling passage that begins, 'Tobacco, divine, rare, super-excellent', and ends 'hellish, devilish, and damned'.

Literature itself was not, however, heavily engaged. Tobacco has no masterpiece, no heavens and hells such as De Quincey discovered in opium, and the best the anthologist can turn up is Byron's spirited encomium (from *Childe Harold*), Thomas Jenner's *Tobacco*, and Herrick's *The Tobacconist*, a poem of pre-Hesperides days only recently disinterred. Jenner's mild, dry moralising is charming—

> The Indian weed withered quite,
> Green at noon, cut down at night;
> Shows thy decay, all flesh is hay,
> Thus think, then drink Tobacco. . . .

and Sir Compton does him a service by returning a poem long attributed to George Withers and others. Mild delight, and stage thunder on the other side, are the attributes of a taste that now seems inseparable from humanity.

The history of tobacco, which takes up the bulk of the volume, is lively and opportunist as it rakes over its mixed ground of pioneering and pamphleteering, botany and fashion, trade and taxes, and human oddity. Especially the last. Tobacco has been inhaled, sniffed, chewed, snuffed, rubbed on, doubtfully digested, sucked through the aromatic swamp of the hookah, even (in the Himalayas) piped from interconnecting holes in a bank. Women have smoked water-pipes in order to provide their men-folk going on a journey with the invigoration of nicotine water. Goats that have browsed on tobacco leaves have infused into their milk a new intoxication. There have been furious smoking matches, underground smokers, connoisseurs of the smouldering tea-leaf or colt's foot. Edward VII had to smoke up the chimney at Windsor, and Frederick the Great held cloudy sessions interminable as church conventions. From the foolhardiness of the few has sprung the enslavement of the many, so that now every pleasure or pain must be capped with a cigarette: a fact starkly underlined by two sets of figures, both for 1956:

> U.K. duty on unmanufactured tobacco per lb.—61*s.* 2*d.* Government net returns from tobacco—£668 millions.

It remains to be seen how far cancer of the lung will affect this trend: TB of the lung enjoyed only a brief triumph. On one point, by the way, Sir Compton neglects to inform us. I should like to know, as a cigarette fiend (20 a day, dawdled over, ex-pipe), what *else* goes into cigarette-making besides tobacco.

Also he doesn't go into the psychology involved, which might be fascinating. Churchill's baby face wouldn't be itself without a cigar stuck in, and it's no surprise to discover that he's a wet smoker, who used at one time to carry scissors for snipping off sogged ends. We learn this from the sixty-two page prologue 'My Smoking Life', which is—to introduce a horrible discordance—the cream of the book: a better excuse for memoirs with a flourish than islands, cats, gramophones, or even espionage. Sir Compton was a hardened cigar-end smoker at ten, and in his seventies would give up wine or whisky before his pipe. He has roamed over all the smokers' fancies from Romeo and Juliet to John Cotton, Burmese cheroot to the pale Neapolitano (this on Norman Douglas's advice). It's hard to pick out his best moment, but I prefer that in which he faced an armed mob in Athens and passed through them, *nonchalantly* smoking a cigarette.

G. W. STONIER

The Big Potatoes

Vanderbilt Feud: The Fabulous Story of Grace Wilson Vanderbilt. By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

Mr Vanderbilt's egregious memoirs are yet another proof – if such were needed – that social truth is stranger than fiction. Nothing in Edith Wharton's maroon plush sagas can equal this chronicle of the Vanderbilt and Wilson dynasties. As a documentary, it reeks of the billionaire philistinism that caused Henry James to trumpet his elaborations like a bull elephant when he revisited the States in 1902 and wrote *The American Scene*. The yachts, the Newport chateaux, the vast Fifth Avenue mansions, the Trimalchian banquets, the astronomical accounts with Worth and Boucheron, the gilded, slowly turning year – London, Paris, Newport, Hot Springs, Saratoga – it is all here, down to the last diamond on Grace Vanderbilt's stomacher.

Mr Vanderbilt, though he is too enmeshed in the loyalties of his childhood to see the period in a proper human perspective, brings his picture all too satiatingly to life. Yet, even after reading his book, it is no good us imagining that we can ever know or understand these people. Armour-plated in their millions, they are as strange to us as the brontosaurus or the pterodactyl. They move heavily, cumbrously, across the turn of the century, the men full of a dumb rage against their sons, the women outbidding each other like Potlatch Indians in 'the comic and cruel struggle for social supremacy'. Money is paramount, embedded in the very blood stream of their lives, giving a metallic tincture to the most ordinary, spontaneous passages of human affection. 'I hope your gowns get off by tomorrow's steamer', Grace Vanderbilt's sister writes from Paris:

> . . . Chenile is the great rage. I have no less than three hats like that. I took the liberty of sending you a black hat which I think very chic and pretty – a little present for you. *The bill goes with it, but I have paid it so that is all right.* [My italics.]

Grace's implacably hostile mother-in-law, Mrs Vanderbilt III ('Alice of the Breakers') was horrified when she learnt that another daughter-in-law was without a pearl necklace:

> "Please bring me a pair of scissors," the dowager summoned the *maître d'hôtel*. She then snipped off a third, or about $70,000 worth of the rope around her neck.
>
> "There you are, Gloria," she said fondly. "All Vanderbilt women have pearls."

Their spites and rivalries were as pettish, lethal and inexplicable as those of the royalties with whom they fraternised on their yachting trips. Even the cerebral hæmorrhages that carried them off were 'massive' and epic. Yet they had their own weird and grotesque sense of dignity. These second- and third-generation captains of industry saw themselves as the patriot kings of Wall Street, the guardians of monopoly against Populism, 'free silver', Eugene Debs, and the oratory of William Jennings Bryan. As 'Mister Dooley' pointed out, a man like Cornelius II, was 'a kind iv society f'r the prevention of croolty to money. He looks afther his own money and the money iv other people. He takes it and puts it where it won't hurt thim and they won't spoil it'. As extinct as the dodo, these men can only be understood in the context of an expanding 24-carat age. This is the world whose domestic interior Mr Vanderbilt has evoked so vividly and so fatiguingly in his reminiscences.

JOHN RAYMOND

Week-end Competition

No. 1,434 Set by G. W. Stonier

Throughout the recent market strike, Covent Garden was referred to in BBC news bulletins as 'Coven Garden' (to rhyme with '*oven*'). Other superiorities commonly met with are '*crawss*' for 'cross', '*starnch*' for 'staunch', and so on. We offer the usual prizes for a poem of not more than 10 lines making the best use of such mispronunciations. Entries by September 3.

Result of No. 1,431. Set by Naomi Lewis

Furniture-makers in America have recently advertised a Platonic bed, for Platonists. Prizes are offered for a description, in verse or prose, of any item of household or garden use devised for followers of any living or dead philosopher.

Report

In a serious competition of this nature competitors were to be seen at their best: helpful, practical, fertile, and (except in a few unfortunate cases, straying from some other paper perhaps) polite. The short-list was long: it included Gloria Prince's *Infinitely Regressive Bookshelf* for Dunnesmen; T. E. Hendrie's *Schopenhauer Cabinet* ('We regret that easy terms cannot be arranged'); E. Tattersall's *Diogenean Garden Chair* ('to satisfy asceticism's urge'); McNightshade's *Berkeley Table* ('guaranteed not to exist when not perceived. . . . It looks solid – it feels solid – it *is* solid – yet only *you* can give it reality'); Allan M. Laing's *Khayyam Cocktail Cabinet* ('Unhindered by the smallest Loaf of Bread'); N. H. S. Clarke's *Patent Baby-Minder;* a mysterious design by Robin Farquharson – the *Leibnitz All-Purpose Household Unit*, and two formidable entries from the Institute of Experimental Psychology, Oxford. Special mentions go to J. A. Lindon (*Sophist Boots for Joadsters*); to E. C. Jenkins for his *Random Rung Ladder*, on the Dewey principle:

> As every American schoolboy knows, the importance of Dewey's work lies in his substitution of inquiry for truth as the fundamental concept of philosophy. . . . The *surprise* of the user on stepping on the rung that was *thought* to be there contributes enormously to the verbalisation of belief. . . .

to D. A. J. S., to Selidem, and to A. M. Sayers, for his *Bed-Head Motto for Russellites*

> THE STATEMENT IN
> THIS FRAME IS FALSE

Space, alas, must limit the prize-winning entries to four. Each receives a guinea and a half.

THE STOAWAY

A Porch seat providing a rustic retreat for a disciple of Zeno.

Constructed from loosely-nailed exceptionally knotty chunks of wood this chair of originally asymmetrical design, uneven legs and uncompromising arm and back-rest allows the occupant to demonstrate the philosophical dicta *pleasure is not an end*, and *all true knowledge depends on sharp sensory perception.* It is treated with an unusual varnish which remains damp and sticky in cold weather and exudes an almost violent aroma in sunshine, thus providing the variety of conditions in which the wise man can *will himself to feel happiness.*

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A HOT AYER SUPPRESSOR

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> To entertain the modern guest
> Some Social Contract Bridge is best:
> So for your supper parties, get
> A J-J Rousseau Contract Set.
> This, as they know in all the schools,
> Is based on democratic rules;
> All those that play are partners, for
> The Master Sheet adjusts the score:
> And as the wise inventor planned,
> The net result of every hand
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> And no-one has to foot the bill. DENARIA

fall out

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MACGIBBON & KEE

City Lights

Middle Chapters

August is always a good time to be out of the City. Holiday satisfaction this year is heightened by the guilty pleasure which comes from skipping the superfluous middle chapters of a badly written thriller. Begun, its only interest lies in how it will end.

When everyone knows that an exchange rate reshuffle is inevitable and nobody is quite sure what the result will be, gold and D-marks are the obvious things to buy. Reshuffling will certainly not be easy: both Germany and Britain, for example, agree that some adjustment between the D-mark and the £ is needed, but neither is willing to devalue against the dollar. Unless differences of this kind can be arbitrarily settled round the table, Europe may have to fall back on Dr Ghand's nostrum—a great gamble to which there is great opposition—a transitional period during which rates will be free to fluctuate within wider agreed limits. Since Germany will be strongly placed in next month's IMF corridor-negotiations, it is to be hoped that the boys will stick together and keep Dr Ghand and Mr Thorneycroft from hobnobbing in a corner.

Having smelt one danger, the City is quick to sniff around for another. Could it be that the foreign exchange troubles afflicting most of the world are due not to individual improvidence but to a collective credit squeeze—a universal shortage of reserve currencies caused by the rapid growth of trade, the failure of sterling, the size of the German appetite? If gold and dollars are already scarce, they may get scarcer. US exports are rising strongly and the flow of special aid is drying up: for the first time in years the US is not pumping out dollars to the rest of the world but sucking them back. Even a mild US recession now could cause economic crisis in Europe and cancel a large part of the progress made towards co-operation in the past ten years.

With any luck, the danger of a dollar shortage will turn out to be a silly-season bogy. But the fact that the bogy is there at all makes one wonder on what the recent prosperity of the West has been based. The initialled instruments of co-operation have had very little to do with it: the IMF, after being neglected for years, ran out of funds as soon as the big borrowers remembered its existence, and the EPU has been gradually subverted by unsuccessful British and successful German self-seeking. Both are inspired with *laissez-faire* ideals: neither, in their present state, could do much to screen the world from a US recession. America remains Gulliver among the Lilliputians, scattering them with a yawn. The unions get uppish, prices rise by a point or two, the Federal Reserve sets its jaw, commodity prices crash and the world is deluged with US exports. Or the Republicans get bored with Eisenhower, the Democrats sharpen knives, tariffs are raised and foreign aid is slashed. The rest of the world, drowsy with prosperity, tosses off the restrictions which seem to hamper it till each in turn is forced to grab for gold—and grab the harder as the common stock diminishes.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 406. The Game That Never Was

Considering the very similar title of his recently successful book and film I may owe an apology to Ewen Montagu, but I certainly owe thanks (and a chessbook voucher) to Bruce Hayden for probing the mystery of a brilliancy (H. E. Atkins-H. Jacobs, London, 1915), widely reprinted a few months ago.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) P-Q4, PxP; (3) P-QB3, PxP; (4) B-QB4, Kt-KB3; (5) Kt-KB3, KtxP; (6) O-O, Kt-Q3; (7) KtxP, KtxB; (8) R-K1 ch, B-K2; (9) Kt-Q5, Kt-B3; (10) B-Kt5, P-B3; (11) R-QB1, P-Kt4; (12) RxKt, PxR; (13) Kt-K5, PxB; (14) Q-R5 ch, P-Kt3; (15) Kt-B6 ch, BxKt; (16) KtxKtP ch, Q-K2; (17) RxQ ch, BxR; (18) Kt-K5 ch, K-Q1; (19) Kt-B7 ch, K-K1; (20) Kt-Q6 ch, K-Q1; (21) Q-K8 ch, R-Q; (22) Kt-B7 mate.

Very pretty, even though most commentators couldn't help wondering how White would have stayed in business if Black had managed to curb his appetite a bit. When I saw the game in several foreign journals it seemed oddly unlike Atkins' usual style of very sound and solid chess. Hayden went to ask the old master, and it turned out that, far from having played the game, he was deeply shocked by its unsoundness. The alleged loser had concocted it and got a good laugh out of seeing it published and then reprinted all over the world.

I can vouch, though, for the authenticity of this interesting brevity won by Harold Lommer, one of the Hon. Jurors of our forthcoming study competition.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-K2; (4) Kt-QB3, Kt-B3; (5) P-Q4, PxP; (6) KtxP, Kt-K4; (7) Q-K2!, KtxB; (8) QxB, KtxP (obvious, but wrong and shrewdly provoked by Lommer); (9) KtxKt, P-Q4; (10) Q-Kt5 ch!, P-B3; (11) KtxP!, Q-Q2 (forced); (12) KtxB!, resigns.

Yet another chessbook voucher goes to I. Avinery, one of our Tel-Aviv competitors, who sent me this interesting ending achieved in the Israeli Correspondence Tournament. 8/ 1p1k3p/ p5p1/ 3p4/ 16/ PP3PPP/ 5K2. Avinery (Black) played (34) . . . P-KKt4; (35) K-K2, K-K3; (36) K-Q3, K-K4; (37) P-KR3! (P-KKt3?); P-KR4!; (38) P-KKt3, P-Q5; (39) P-B3, P-R5!; (40) PxP, PxP; (41) P-B4 ch, KxP; (42) KxP, K-Kt6; and in due time Black convinced White that his notion of having the draw safely in hand was ill-founded: As a matter of fact, Black won by deferring . . . K-R7 and . . . P-R6 until after his Q-wing pawns had exhausted their moves.

A: A. J. Roycroft 1953

The 4-pointer for beginners (inspired by Euwe's in the 15 June issue) is a game position achieved by Roycroft in an Irish Universities championship. Black had just played . . . R-K1; how did White force mate in a few moves? **B**, a win for White, comes from one of our Scottish cracks and shouldn't be too difficult for 6 ladder-points; nor **C** for 7, draw and the only 'outsider' this 'Readers' Own' week.

B: Eric Allan 1957

C: O. Duras 1910

Usual prizes. Entries by 2 September.

REPORT on No. 402. Set 27 July

A: (1) R-B8 ch, Q x R; (2) R-Q8 ch, Q x R; (3) B-R3 ch, R x B; (4) Q-Kt4 ch, R x Q; (5) P-Kt7 mate.

B: (1) Kt-K7 ch, K-B4; (2) R-R5 ch, K-Q5; (3) R-K5!!, P-B6; (4) Kt-B6 ch, K-B5; (5) P-Kt3 mate.

or (1) . . . K-Q5; (2) R x Kt ch, K-B4; (3) R-Q5 ch, K-Kt5; (4) Kt-B6 ch, K-R5; (5) P-Kt3 ch, P x P; (6) P x P mate.

C: (1) P-R6! (Kt-R7 ch?); P-R7; (2) P-R7, P = Q; (3) P = Q ch!, Q x Q; (4) Kt-R7 ch (perpetual)

or (1) . . . Kt-R5; (2) Kt-R7 ch, K-Kt1; (3) Kt-B6 ch, K-R1; (4) Kt-Kt4!, Kt x P; (5) P x Kt ch, K-R2; (6) Kt-R6, P-R7; (7) P = Q ch, K x Kt; (8) B-Q2 ch and wins.

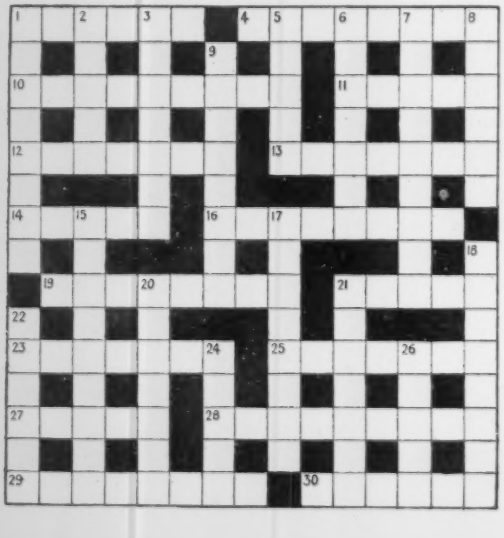
Only about a dozen flawless solutions (many dropping a point or two over **B** and/or **C**). Prizes: A. J. Bamford, R. C. Chaturvedi, G. Lines, J. R. Harman.

Report on 403 held over for lack of space.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 265

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 265, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 3 Sept.



ACROSS

1. Porter for a girl in a resort (6).
4. Exchanging back-hands before the game is halfway through (8).
10. The disadvantages of convenient headgear? (9).
11. Something in the air or nothing in front of the area (5).
12. Take a chance in a wager for some meat (7).
13. Relative who may make notes about an additional note (7).
14. 'O, what a ——— and peasant slave am I' (*Hamlet*) (5).
16. State in which there is trouble with the negro problem? (8).
19. Ill-used as an unmarried woman in confinement (8).
21. Relatives for a working man (5).
23. One wise man has little time for another (7).
25. Serious listener with a comfortable home (7).
27. Concerning a fight (5).
28. Fruit for an author about to stuff the mouth (9).
29. Thrashes a saint among animals (8).
30. Place in Italy named nothing possibly? (6).

DOWN

1. Musician who composes a medley for butchers (8).
2. Boredom of the upper classes with the muses scattered around (5).
3. Point for a king in a plight (7).
5. This play was an afterthought (5).
6. Opener starting with a good single (7).
7. Cavalrymen who put the team in fetters (9).
8. Vegetables are the prepared parts of the course (6).
9. Word from a quiet piece of writing (8).
15. Somewhere to eat for the one who looks after the horses round the brook (9).
17. A boy thereabouts ready for shaving (8).
18. Three articles on a relative are an object of abhorrence (8).
20. Where to get a degree in Buddhist literature? (7).
21. Perhaps gone after spoil in the battlefield (7).
22. A country exists on the reverse of a tragic character (6).
24. Time which is near at first (5).
26. Wipe out a period half seen (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 263

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

RESEARCH OFFICER

Applications are invited for the permanent post of Research Officer (male) for the Post Office Engineering Union. Salary scale £950 by £50 yearly increments to £1,250; the successful candidate would enter at the point on the scale appropriate to his age and experience; non-contributory pension scheme. Candidates would be expected to possess good academic qualifications, although exceptionally a wide experience of such work would be accepted in lieu. The holder of the post would be required to administer and develop the Research Department, and apart from other qualifications must have a keen interest in the trade union movement.

Applications, which will be treated as confidential, should be made on forms to be obtained from the General Secretary, P.O.E.U., Greystoke House, Hanger Lane, London, W.5, from whom further particulars may be procured.

The closing date for receiving completed application form is Monday, October 7, 1957.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY COUNCIL

CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for appointment of a temporary Children's Visitor. Candidates should possess a Certificate in Social Science, Home Office Child Care, Applied Social Studies or similar qualifications. Experience in boarding-out, family case-work, court procedure and adoptions will be an advantage. The salary will be in accordance with A.P.T. Grade I of the National Scale of Salaries, i.e., £543 5s. per annum, rising by annual increments of £20 10s. to £625 5s. per annum for a 38-hour week. Overtime paid, car provided.

The appointment will be subject to the Local Government Superannuation Acts, 1937 to 1953, to the Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical and Clerical Services, as adopted by the County Council, to one calendar month's notice on either side, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, which should be endorsed "Children's Visitor," stating age, present and previous appointments, qualifications and experience, and the names of three referees, to be delivered to the Children's Officer, 12 City Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1, by September 7, 1957.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History, with special qualifications in Modern History. Salary scale £700 to £850 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than September 7, 1957, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further partics. and forms of appln. may be obtained.

LITTLE Abbey School, Newbury, has vacancy Sept. first-class resident English/History master, pref. young, able interest boys 9-13. Also vacancies boys Sept., reduced fees 6-8 years. Write Headmaster.

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Interesting and unusual residential posts available in home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10, 20 miles from Central London: House Mother. Candidates must have had good experience in residential work with children. Junior Assistant House Mother. Previous experience not essential, if candidates have decided to make child care their career. Applications to Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

FAMILY Caseworker, qualified and experienced, woman. A.G.F.C.W. scale according to experience. Applications, in writing, giving full details and names of two referees, to General Secretary, Personal Service Society, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool 1.

HOUSE Secretary, Beatrice Webb House. Salary according to qualifications; accommodation available. Part-time employment considered. Further particulars from Mr. F. Smith, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking.

EDITORIAL Assistant to take charge of production wanted for monthly architectural magazine. Must be tidy, methodical, fond of detail and have a good memory. Write stating age, quals., salary. Box 4720.

PUBLISHER is seeking writers to supply biographical articles for well-known reference work. Ability to find and sift information and to write accurately and concisely absolutely essential. For further information apply, stating qualifications and special field (if any), to Box 4712.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist, educational work connected with delinquency; commencing salary £7 p.w.; 3 wks. annual holiday. Box 4697.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Thai Programme Organiser in its Far Eastern Service. Duties include supervision of the Thai programme section and co-ordination of the work of the Thai staff, together with planning and production of programmes for transmission. This involves preparation in English of news bulletins, commentaries and talks for translation into Thai. Wide cultural and academic background essential. Knowledge of Thai not essential but the successful candidate must be willing to study the language with the aim of acquiring reasonable fluency. Journalistic experience and recent knowledge of Thailand an advantage. Candidates should have knowledge of, and interest in, international affairs with particular reference to South-East Asia. Salary £1,205 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,535 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.327 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires Bookings Assistant, Television Booking Department in London. Duties: To negotiate, under the direction of Television Booking Manager, the engagement and fees of artists required for Television programmes with particular reference to Light Entertainment. Essential qualifications: Administrative aptitude with ability to absorb and apply internal regulations, policy rulings and agreed scales of fees, and to combine tact with firmness where necessary. Knowledge of, and interest in, the world of entertainment generally, and previous experience of some aspect of the Variety business desirable. Salary £565 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £750 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.336 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

GERMAN teacher part-time, days/evgs. required by Language School. Box 4732.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires Half-time Secretarial Assistant for interesting work in connexion with students' grants and welfare. Full details and application form from Chief Administrative Officer, 3 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted September, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting educational work. Good salary. Box 4568.

SECRETARY Shorthand Typist required for well-known organisation concerned with teaching of international affairs where interest and responsibility compensate for modest salary. Apply Box 4678.

SECRETARY required by directors of young progressive company actively engaged in all categories of film production. Starting salary according to age and experience, not necessarily in films. Box 4755.

YOUNG lady for varied secretarial & switchboard relief, City office. Good at figures, shorthand, some German. Tuition given on switchbd. Salary up to £10 p.w. dependent on age & exper. Box 4717.

HALF-time Clerk/Stenographer required by Rubber Federation, 43 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1. No age limitation. Applications in writing to the Secretary.

Y.W.C.A. requires resident shorthand-typist with reception duties, large hostel Central London. Box 4724.

A TEMPORARY job that is right up your street may be yours for the asking. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

ADVERTISING Novelty Give-aways. Manufacturers require able agents. Convex Ltd., 41 Brecknock Road, N.7.

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HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

BOX Office Assistant, full or p.-time, wanted by Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s. 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay. Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St. W.C.1. MUS 7379.

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STILL Young at 37; advertiser, man, educated, personable, seeking change employment, town/country, creative/admin./organisational, where balance/maturity outweigh lack specialist qualifications. Quick perception, intelligent, cultured but not odd, competent, confident, conscientious, adaptable, mobile. Prospect interesting career more important than high initial salary, though latter welc. London, interview, Sept. 1/7. Box 4544.

GIRL wants job anywhere. Offers: please write Box 4583.

CAPABLE woman wants work 3 days weekly. Undertake correspondence own initiative; reception, research. Efficient typist. Good appearance & manner. Reading/Oxford/London. Box 4681.

PERSONAL

PRINCIPAL of flourishing Commercial College, South Rhodesia, wishing retire, would sell business or welcome partner. Income enough to support married couple. Goodwill £2,000. Assets approx. £3,000. Balance sheet available. Box 4705.

LADY B.Sc. (Sociol.) 33, married, highly intelligent, good appearance, well-read, travelled, seeks job three days week where interest in people, initiative, imagination and artistic flair could be used. Box 4680.

BORED Nat. Health Dental Surgeon seeks post, possibly in dentistry, that offers a sense of community usefulness and purpose. Any suggestions? Box 4548.

YOUNG man completing novel seeks retreat late Sept. mid-Dec. Box 4641.

GIRL Civil Servant requires single bed-sitter, use of garden where dachshund puppy would be welcome. Willing to baby-sit, help housework in return. Box 4422.

AUSTRIAN Widow, 35, wishes to live as p.g., 3 months with family nr. London view improving already consid. knowledge English, nearby facs. horse riding reqd. Box 4659.

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YNG. German lady going Spain beginning Sept. shs. car lift. Sh. exps. SPE. 8048.

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